

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

May 1988

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AN EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW



The best King we'll never have

BEATING THE SYSTEM:

HOW SMART LONDON GETS THINGS DONE

PHILBY: FIRST COLOUR PICTURES

MURDER BY STRANGERS

GREAT ROMAN FINDS IN THE CITY



**EXACTLY
HOW FAR
APART
ARE
THESE
TWO
BMW's?**

£42,000 separates the two BMWs in the picture above.

Yet, in a number of respects the 5 litre, 12 cylinder 750iL (on the left) and the 1.8 litre 318i are incredibly similar.

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Both have to pass through precisely the same forty-six stage paint process.

And once assembled, both are checked for accuracy on a computer controlled test rig.

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But the similarities between the 750iL and the 318i go more than skin deep.

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Of course, BMW have made sure that they can take both the rough with the smooth.

Both have regenerating bumpers that can handle a 2.5 mph knock without any damage.

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And both cars have the only deadlock central locking system that defeated the "What Car" tester.

Which is probably just as well.

Because, whether you pay £53,750 for the 750iL or £11,575 for the 318i, it's an investment you won't want to part with by fair means.

Let alone foul.

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35.8 MPG (17.8 L/100KM) FOR THE 750iL; URBAN: 12.6 MPG (20.8 L/100KM), 58 MPH; 31.7 MPG (18.9 L/100KM), 75 MPH; 25.4 MPG (11.1 L/100KM), 75 MPH. BMW INFORMATION SERVICE, PO BOX 46, HOUNSLOW, MIDDLESEX OR TELEPHONE: 01-887 4660. LITERATURE REQUESTS ONLY FOR THE FREE SALES, TEL: 01-629 9277.



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**STOPPING SMOKING REDUCES THE RISK
OF SERIOUS DISEASES**

Health Departments' Chief Medical Officers

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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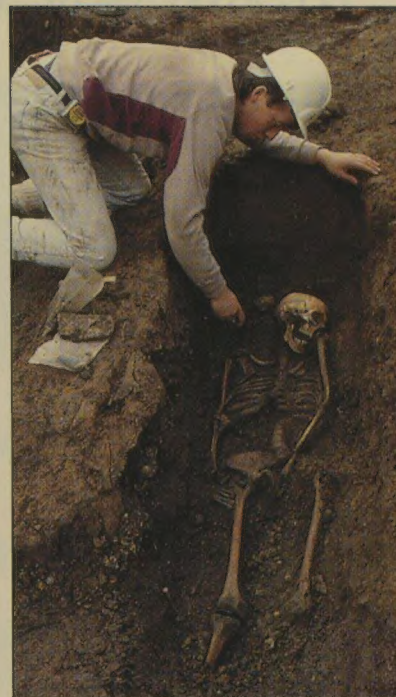
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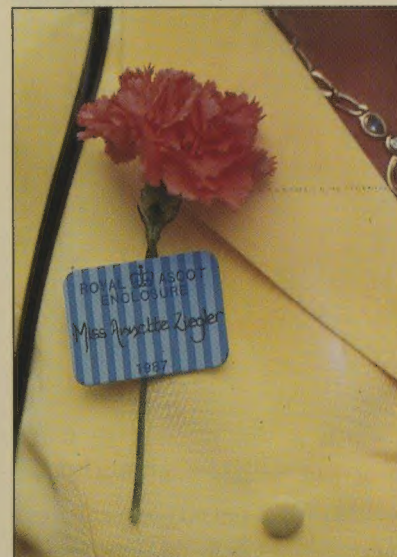
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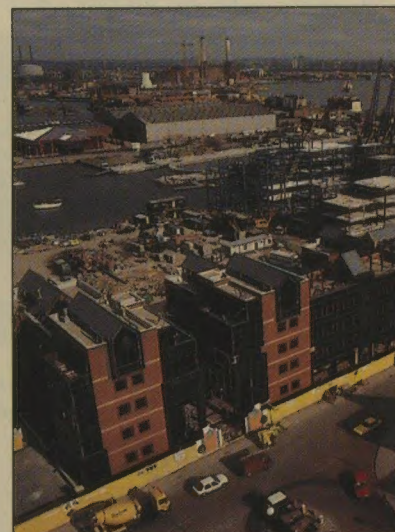
Cover photograph by Dave Hogan



Digging up London's history p40



How to fix an entrée p26



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HAVING SOLD A PIECE OF STAFFORDSHIRE, HE BOUGHT HIMSELF A PIECE OF SUFFOLK.



If you are considering buying a second home you have no doubt already discovered that the boom in property prices has reverberated far beyond the suburbs.

Nowadays you will need to have many thousands of pounds salted away in order to buy a place that a few years ago could have been picked up for a peppercorn rent.

Which is why it could be worth taking a look around your first home. Frequently, objects you may own or inherit turn out to be alarmingly valuable.

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Editor's Letter

HISTORY v SCIENCE

The British need very little encouragement to peer down holes. Even the most unromantic pipe fracture causes pedestrians to stop and look pensively for a few minutes. For the last few years there has been a more than average amount of hole-gazing in the City of London and with good reason. Never before has there been quite so much to look at and never before has the public been quite so well informed about what they are seeing. The intensive redevelopment of the City and other areas of London has meant that huge numbers of archaeological finds have been made.

Medieval houses have been located on the south bank of the Thames, a great Saxon settlement has been found under what is now Covent Garden and the Strand, Viking docks have been identified, burial pits from the black death have been excavated and, most exciting of all, a Roman amphitheatre has been discovered by the Guildhall in the City.

A great amount of the work has been done by the rescue archaeologists of the Museum of London who have received unprecedented help, money and encouragement from developers and the Corporation of London.

But the story is not entirely happy, for nobody yet knows the fate of the amphitheatre, the remains of which lie below a site that is destined to become an extension to the Guildhall. The basement and lavatories of the new building would dig deep into an area where once the people of the imperial city enjoyed their gruesome sports.

Naturally, the remains stand a very good chance of being scheduled, which means that the City Corporation will have to incorporate the Roman masonry and timbers in the new development. But there is a general feeling that this is not enough and that the Corporation, which is in the novel position of being both protector and developer of the amphitheatre, should reconsider its plans.

There may be some reluctance to do this since the Corporation regards the Guildhall as the shrine of its ceremonial life. It is a place of speech-making, pomp and tradition. Archaeologists believe that even if the remains were to be incorporated they would somehow play second fiddle to this ceremonial priority. As an example of neglect they point to the Roman baths at Billingsgate which have been in the Corporation's possession for 20 years but are never seen by the public.

What they want is an imaginative display of the amphitheatre, something perhaps on the lines of the Viking Centre in York. There have been large offers of financial help and there seems absolutely no reason why the City Corporation should not immediately plan an exciting development which would go some way to redeeming the destructive activities of the past. If its officials need any evidence of public interest they need only watch the daily assembly of hole-gazers on Guildhall Yard.

My apologies for again writing about this Government of ours but it does seem to be displaying all the known signs of schizophrenia.

If an individual exhibited the same symptoms, he or she would almost certainly be given six months' leave of absence and required to take up some form of art therapy.

Mrs Thatcher and her ministers will disagree with this diagnosis. However, they can but acknowledge the remarkable inconsistencies in their policies. Take inflation: for the last eight years inflation has been regarded as the supreme economic fiend. For fear of inflation, unemployment has been permitted to rise, public spending on the social services has been cut and the money supply has been restrained (well, sort of).

Yet there are areas where the Government does not give a hoot about inflation. For example, house prices are said to have risen 17 per cent in 1987 in the south-east (one hesitates to make the point that this particular inflation rather benefits the home-owning electorate in the heartland of Government support, but it is nevertheless true). Another of the Government's quaint inconsistencies is that it is



Fun and games at the Guildhall

encouraging electricity price rises in order, as the *Financial Times* puts it, "to fatten the best for privatisation".

By far the weirdest symptom of the Government's unhappy mental state is its attitude to scientific research. In most departments of Mrs T's administration, ministers are actively encouraging the view that Britain has to prepare for a strong and prosperous future. Yet when it comes to scientific research, something in which Britons seem to be congenitally gifted, this laudable regard for the future is replaced with a meanness and stupidity that must have the Japanese and West-Coast Americans crying with laughter. Unless research can be shown to produce immediate profits, it is regarded by the Government as a futile waste of money. No one has apparently considered that all the truly great and applicable discoveries are made in a spirit of inquiry. Results are rarely predictable and almost never spurred on by the profit motive ●

Henry Porter

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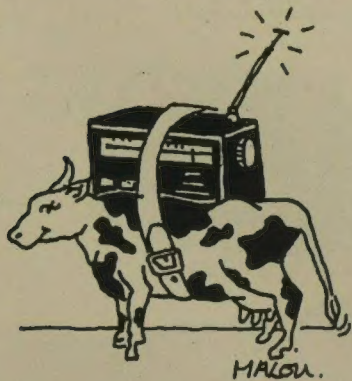
READERS' LETTERS

SACRED SERVICE

Before Miss Jane Ellison makes any cryptic comments about the World Service (*ILN*, March) as being one of your sacred cows, I think she should pause to consider the immense service it provides to the thousands of ex-Brits who are in isolated parts of the world. My son, for instance, spent some time working in the bush in Chad, Central Africa, and this particular Sacred Cow kept him in touch with civilisation. Speaking for myself, I have found the World Service to be invaluable during the early hours and it puts on some interesting in-depth programmes.

Mrs Joan Sparkes, Lee on Solent, Hants

Please, hands off the BBC World Service. It is not intended for home consumption. Here in Zürich we receive via cable some 17 television and 25 radio channels. Today's highlights include Faye Dunaway (*Three Days of the Condor*) in Italian, Sarah Miles (*Ryan's Daughter*) in French, Rex Harrison (*Unfaithfully Yours*) in German. The only English-speaking



channels are Sky and Super on television and Voice of America on radio. Of these, Super sometimes presents a British production: ITN news five times a week and the occasional drama. There is none this week unless you count *The Professionals* and *Dr Who*.

By comparison the BBC, which we listen to on an erratic short-wave receiver, offers this week, in addition to its regular features and news bulletins, Alistair Cooke, Nigel Stock (*The Browning Version*) and Michael Hordern (*The Kingfisher*).

Norman D. Parry, Zürich, Switzerland

GLASS HOUSE

In your April issue *Serpentine* says that the proceedings of my Toddington conference will be published later this year. The proceedings have already been published by the Manorial Society, 104 Kennington Road, London SE11, and are full of material to interest the general reader. To give just two examples, much light is thrown on the early family at Sudeley Castle in Gloucestershire, nearly top of the league of historic places visited by the public; and the paper on our Swiss glass, which was one of the outstanding collections in Europe, is set within the context of the general history of Swiss glass about which no book has been written.

Lord Sudeley, House of Lords

VICARRIAGE

It is always interesting to see how others see us in our situation, and we, a clergy family in the Church of England, were fascinated at your comparisons in "What it takes to make £100" (*ILN*, April).

We think you got us basically right—but, do tell! Which parish is it that gives its priest a car? There are lots of us who'd love to know. My husband has worked as a parish priest in the C of E for all but five of his 25 years' ministry, and we don't know of any priest who is given a car by his parish.

The only time we received a car, and a brand new one at that, was during the five years he worked in the Diocese of Mashonaland, in

Zimbabwe. There, not only was it provided, but fully maintained, serviced and run by the parish. And, for the record, we were also provided with a furnished house.

Officially, a priest may charge his cassock and surplice up to his parish, but we don't know anyone who does. The dog-collar isn't too much of a burden—empty washing-up liquid bottles come pretty cheap!

Mrs Heather L. Sinclair, Manchester

Where did James Delingpole gather his information about the Church of England vicar for his article (*ILN*, April)?

During nine years as the Church of England Clergy Appointment Adviser I interviewed 2,631 "Vicars" and I met very many more: I have still to meet the vicar who is provided with a car by his parish. Many parishes do not pay his essential car expenses in full.

Today those being ordained receive a grant towards the cost of their robes. The first cassock will be replaced several times before its owner clocks up the 37 years service needed for a full pension.

The Revd Prebendary A. R. Royall Swaffham, Norfolk

OLD CHESTNUTS

I was fascinated by Godfrey Smith's article on "The Great British Hooligan" (*ILN*, April), and suspect that he has uncovered some of the causes by comparing our way of education with those of the USA, France and Germany.

Why we have ambitions to send our young to fee-paying schools is not clear, but it occurs to me that the main difference between ourselves and those countries is that Great Britain is a monarchy, and therefore it has a rather more



pronounced class-system.

The other difference, so far as Europeans are concerned, is that we do not, as in France and Germany, any longer have conscription—an old chestnut, of course, but it could be a factor.

Mrs Shirley M. Bridle, Wroughton, Avon

Godfrey Smith's essay on "The Great British Hooligan" was most interesting. Nevertheless I cannot go with him when he asks us to "remember those faraway days when we were yobs ourselves".

Most of my generation went straight from school into the Army (1943), and then a year later we were in Normandy fighting the Germans. We had neither the opportunity nor the inclination to be YOBs!

Allan Johnstone, Surrey

AFFAIR PLAY

Candida Crewe's service-testing journey round London's hotels was regularly punctuated by the remark "The shirt I left behind was not returned". I wonder if it occurred to her that the reason for this is simple. Hotels do not return articles of clothing, or anything else for that matter, to the home address of a former resident because he or she may have been at the hotel without the knowledge of his or her spouse. So at least all five hotels won marks for discretion.

Name and address supplied

Des res £600 per annum London 100 Years Ago: *ILN*, May 26, 1888

The Government is going to give up Ascension Island, which we only possessed ourselves of to prevent Napoleon from running away from St Helena, and, I suppose, it will shortly be in the market. Hitherto, we have given a gentleman £600 a year for living there, like Robinson Crusoe's Spaniard, as "Governor" over nothing particular, and now it will doubtless be sold to the highest bidder. . . . People who are fond of the seaside would be delighted with it; it has a great quantity of seaside. It is very "quiet"; no German band has ever been known to play there; street organs are unknown; and there are no cheap trippers on bank holidays. It is a large estate and yet totally unencumbered (even with trees); and nobody shoots at the landlord.

JAMES PAYN

THE WESTBURY, LONDON.

Ringed by Mayfair's quality jewellers, boutiques and art galleries, the Westbury has strong sporting links, particularly in the world of polo and tennis.

The original Westbury Hotel on Madison Avenue was named after the Long Island polo ground.

The Polo Restaurant is in the inspirational hands of the Trusthouse Forte Hotels Chef of the Year.

Not surprisingly, the depth of the wine list is matched by the width and imagination of the modern French menu.



Previously a 15th-century Manor House, now renovated with tact and care. The Shires Restaurant is in a fully restored 17th century barn with a wealth of exposed beams and minstrel gallery: a superb setting to enjoy the best of cuisine.

Alongside the Medway, in some of Kent's most picturesque countryside, Ashford is the perfect location for meetings, just by the M20.



THE POST HOUSE, ASHFORD.

This elegant Georgian building, noted for its fine architecture, dates from the days when the town was a fashionable resort famous for its medical spas.

Originally six private residences dating from 1723, The Francis has retained all the splendour of that gracious era within its spacious well-proportioned rooms decorated in the classical manner to reflect the luxurious style of the 18th century. The hotel makes an ideal touring

base for business in Somerset.

THE FRANCIS, BATH.

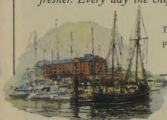


Trusthouse Forte have chosen the Marina, set within Hull's redeveloped dockland, to launch the Club House Restaurant. The fish could hardly be fresher. Every day the chef offers the best

of the catch and weather permitting, dining al fresco is offered on the terrace.

The menu is augmented by dishes recommended by chefs of world standing.

THE MARINA, POST HOUSE, HULL.



The way to a businessman's heart is through his stomach.

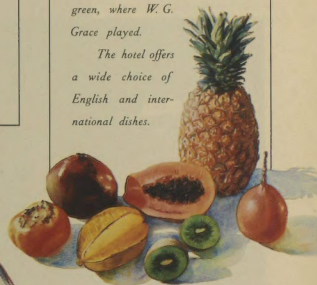


THE ALVESTON POST HOUSE, BRISTOL.

Originally a Tudor Inn, this Post House hotel still conveys the character of a West Country coaching house, steeped in the smuggling folklore of days gone by.

Some of the rooms have wide picture windows and balconies overlooking the Thornbury Cricket green, where W.G. Grace played.

The hotel offers a wide choice of English and international dishes.



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"OUR MAN" IN MOSCOW

This was the month when, following the SAS shootings in Gibraltar and with an increasing Palestinian death toll, the horror and violence of Northern Ireland and Israel came to an ugly head.

In both countries vengeful lynch mobs murdered innocent victims. The deaths of a 15-year-old Israeli girl and two British soldiers outraged public opinion, but the

latter incident was especially emotive. Memorably captured on film, the brutal beating of these young men vividly brought into people's homes the full hatred and horror of life in Northern Ireland. But in spite of almost universal condemnation, including that of many republicans, the IRA vowed to continue its campaign of violence.

In the Middle East, the hijack-

ing of a Kuwaiti 747 prompted fears of a new wave of Islamic terrorism. Although British hostages were released early on, the Government seemed committed to a firm stance against international terrorist blackmail. Of the four great Western powers, only Britain was prepared to offer military support to Kuwait.

At home only the booming economy could provide a cheerful

note, although the pound's rapid rise against the dollar prompted fears of a balance of payments crisis. The Government took advantage of the spending boom and jubilantly announced the sale of Rover to British Aerospace.

It was also the month, 25 years ago, when masterspy Kim Philby defected to the Soviet Union. We show the first full colour pictures of him "at home" in Moscow...



General Kim Philby (KGB), his Russian mother-in-law and fourth wife Rufa at home for photographer Phillip Knightley and wife Yvonne

MONDAY, MARCH 14

● An IRA gunman was shot dead in West Belfast only a few hours before the bodies of the three terrorists killed in Gibraltar arrived back in Northern Ireland. On March 16 three people were killed and more than 50 injured when a Loyalist assassin, Michael Stone, launched a gun and grenade attack during the IRA funeral in Belfast's Milltown cemetery. The security forces had stayed away from the

funeral after assurances that there would be no law-breaking displays. Stone was later caught by the mourners and handed over to the RUC after being beaten up. On March 19 two British soldiers, Corporal Derek Wood and Corporal David Howes, were murdered by the IRA after their car was attacked by a lynch mob. The two soldiers were caught among mourners attending the funeral of an IRA member who died at Mill-

town. It was later revealed that the police and Army had waited more than seven minutes before attempting a rescue. On March 22 both the BBC and ITN rejected an appeal from the Government to hand over unpublished film of the mob killing. Mrs Thatcher said everyone had a "bounden duty" to bring the attackers to justice but both television companies said that releasing the film without a court order would put the lives of TV crews in

Ulster at risk. The following day the RUC, acting under the Prevention of Terrorism Act, seized the untransmitted film. The RUC also said they would rethink their policy on policing IRA funerals and later three men were arrested in connection with the murder of the two soldiers.

● The Israeli army imposed an indefinite nightly curfew in the Gaza Strip and the West Bank and also implemented a series of economic



STUART FRANKLIN

Minutes away from death: Corporals Howe and Wood trapped by the angry mob in Belfast



PHILIP KNIGHTLEY

Philby aged 75. "I want my bones to rest where my work has been."

body. On April 12, eight Palestinians were expelled to Lebanon and expulsion orders were issued for a further 12. At least 137 Palestinians and two Israelis have now died in the four-month-old uprising.

● Italian MPs representing the Radical Party said that Italian soldiers should be provided with umbrellas to protect them when it gets wet. The government said that capes were quite enough.

● The Soviet Union said that a hijack on an Aeroflot jet over northern Russia had been carried out by 11 members of a Siberian jazz ensemble trying to get to London.

TUESDAY, MARCH 15

● Nigel Lawson, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, gave away £1 billion more than expected in his Budget when he cut the standard rate of income tax by

“We had foul and bloody murders committed in our parish. . . . My dear people, what has happened to us? What have we got in our midst? What can we do?”

Father Tom Toner, curate of St Agnes's Roman Catholic Church, Andersonstown, Belfast, March 14

2p to 25p and higher rates to 40p. He also announced independent tax status for married women, restricted mortgage tax relief to £30,000 per house and doubled the tax on company cars.

● *Celtic Shot*, ridden by Peter Scudamore and trained by Fred Winter, won the Champion Hurdle at Cheltenham. On March 17 *Charter Party*, ridden by Richard Dunwoody and trained by David Nicholson won the Gold Cup.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 16

● Admiral John Poindexter and Lieutenant Colonel Oliver North were indicted on criminal charges arising from the Irangate scandal. On March 18 North quit the US Marines and on March 25 President Reagan said he still considered North a hero—comments which brought criticism from the Justice Department who felt they could prejudice legal proceedings.

● The US National Aeronautics and Space Administration said the world's protective ozone layer had become dangerously thin because of damage by man-made chemicals.

● A Los Angeles man who turned up for jury duty in one black and one brown shoe was excused jury service as his footwear suggested he might be nonconformist.

THURSDAY, MARCH 17

● Interest rates were cut from 9 to 8.5 per cent after sharp rises in the pound. In April, the pound rose to a five year high at just below \$1.90, prompting calls for Government intervention to avert a balance of payments crisis. Consumer credit extended in February

“I'd say that the right I've done is greater than the wrong I've done. I accept that many would disagree”

Kim Philby, interviewed in The Sunday Times

sanctions, including a ban on delivery of fuel to Arab petrol stations, which were intended to prevent “hostile elements” from inciting trouble. On March 20 Israeli troops arrested about 200 Palestinians after a reserve soldier was shot in Bethlehem. He was the first Israeli soldier to die in the three months of unrest. After a series of bloody clashes, Israel declared the West Bank and the Gaza Strip a closed military area for three days, banning all media

coverage. On April 3, US Secretary of State George Shultz arrived in Israel during the Easter and Passover festivals to discuss the possibilities of a peace settlement. His visit coincided with a sharp rise in the Palestinian death toll, including 6 on April 2—the highest number killed in a single day. On April 6, Tirza Porat, a 15-year-old Jewish girl, died after being attacked by a Palestinian mob, though a stray Israeli bullet was later found in her

The Month

was a record £3.36 billion.

- Ford scrapped plans to invest in a £40 million electronics factory in Dundee, creating 1,000 jobs, after inter-union opposition to a single-union agreement.

- More than 3,000 US troops were flown into Honduras to display support for the Contras. Nicaragua's Sandinista troops have been pursuing the Contra guerrillas on Honduran soil. The Honduran air force using American-made F5 jets later bombed Sandinista border positions. On March 25 the Sandinista government and the Contra rebels agreed to commit themselves to a 60-day ceasefire from April 6 and to begin negotiations on a "definitive" end to the six-year war. On March 28 American troops began pulling out of Honduras.

- A 2,000-year-old rock engraving in north west China was thought to feature the country's earliest pornography. It depicts sexual intercourse between 300 men and women.

FRIDAY, MARCH 18

- British Gas announced that prices would rise by six per cent in April despite their having made a £1,000 million profit last year.

- The Panamanian government declared a state of emergency in response to what it called the "undeclared war" being waged by the United States. On March 21 the White House said it would no longer try to oust General Noriega 'but instead rely on local pressure.

- Percy Thrower, radio and television gardener, died aged 75.

SATURDAY, MARCH 19

- France beat Wales 10-9 at Cardiff Arms Park to share the Five Nations Championship and England beat Ireland 35-3 at Twickenham.

SUNDAY, MARCH 20

- Iran accused Iraq of killing more than 4,000 Kurdish civilians by using mustard gas in the Kurdish border town of Halabja.

MONDAY, MARCH 21

- Frenchman Jean Conil, president of the Society of Master Chefs, said British sausages should be banned from restaurants and schools because they contained the worst type of meat ever produced.

- Mike Tyson successfully defended his world heavyweight title by knocking out Tony Tubbs in the second round of their fight in Tokyo. Tyson therefore earned \$10 million for less than six minutes' work.

TUESDAY, MARCH 22

- President François Mitterrand finally announced his intention to be the Socialist contender for the French presidential elections, for which voting begins on April 24.

- Patrick Steptoe, the test-tube baby pioneer, died aged 74.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23

- Tony Benn and Eric Heffer said they would challenge Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley for the leadership and deputy leadership of the Labour Party. Kinnock said the challenge would lead to "division and distraction".

- Anthony Parnes, the stockbroker



A bloodied victim at Milltown cemetery: gravestones provided scant cover from shrapnel and bullets

“I think this
is the
deal of the
decade for
the Government”

*Industry Secretary Lord Young
announcing the Rover deal, March 29*



Economic chaos; rioters demonstrate in impoverished Panama

involved in the Guinness affair, agreed to return to Britain from California and co-operate with police. He had earlier said he would fight extradition. He was later remanded on £500,000 bail. On April 7, David Mayhew, a partner in the prestigious stockbroking firm, Cazenove and Co, became the seventh person to be arrested in connection with the Guinness affair.

- President Reagan said he would visit Moscow between May 29 and June 2 to hold a fourth summit meeting with Mikhail Gorbachev.

- Deborah Linsley, aged 26, was stabbed to death on a train travelling from Petts Wood to Victoria. The following weekend, 17-year-old Amanda Hopkinson was stabbed and left for dead in a country lane in Wilmington, near Dartford and Carol Baldwin, aged 13, was killed by a knife blow at Lingswood Park, Northampton.

THURSDAY, MARCH 24

- Mordechai Vanunu, the former Israeli nuclear technician, was convicted in Jerusalem of spying and treason and was sentenced to 18 years in jail. In 1986 he leaked secrets to *The*

Times saying that Israel had been developing nuclear weapons.

- UN officials said the worst locust plague in Africa for 30 years threatened the north and west of the continent.

FRIDAY, MARCH 25

- Joe Bossano was sworn in as Gibraltar's first left-wing Chief Minister after his Socialist Labour Party won the general election. He later said he would not take part in any Anglo-Spanish talks over the territory.

- Scotland Yard said that the Metropolitan Police have 1,600 firearms for operational use.

- Sir Ranulph Fiennes, the explorer, abandoned his attempt to walk more than 400 miles to the North Pole after encountering severe weather.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26

- The Reverend Jesse Jackson won the Michigan Democratic caucuses to draw level with Governor Michael Dukakis. Earlier in the month Gary Hart pulled out for the second time and Congressman Richard Gephardt followed on March 28. Republican

Senator Robert Dole dropped out of the battle with George Bush announcing that he was "bloodied but unbowed".

MONDAY, MARCH 28

- The Government announced a Monopolies and Mergers Commission inquiry into what Mrs Thatcher called "the last bastion of trade union restrictive practice"—the television and film industry. The investigation follows the TV-am dispute about overmanning.

- Bernard Ingham, the Prime Minister's Press Secretary, said that the Government hoped to stop press coverage of IRA propaganda stunts such as masked Republican funerals.

- Kevin Weaver, who gunned down four people including his mother and his sister after being jilted by his girlfriend, was sentenced to life imprisonment in Broadmoor.

- The BBC said that *Play School* would be scrapped after 25 years. The five-day-a-week children's programme which featured Big and Little Teds, Jemima and Humpty has become dated.



Acid rain protest: Greenpeace campaigners scale Nelson's Column



Honeyghan beating Vaca

“I suppose the Prince of Wales feels extra sympathy towards those who have got no job, because in a way he has got no job”

Norman Tebbit, former Conservative Party Chairman, interviewed on Panorama, April 11

TUESDAY, MARCH 29

● Lord Young, Secretary of State for Trade and Industry, announced that British Aerospace will pay a nominal £150 million for the Rover car group, while the Government will inject £800 million into the company to pay off bank debts and provide working capital. Labour's industry spokesman, Bryan Gould, condemned the deal as “political irresponsibility and industrial sabotage”.

● After being fined £2,000 for assault and offensive behaviour on an internal flight in Australia, England cricketer Ian Botham was sacked by the

Queensland Cricket Association. On the same day he began a trek across the Alps with elephants in the footsteps of Hannibal.

● Lloyd Honeyghan regained the WBA and WBC world welterweight boxing title after knocking out the Mexican Jorge Vaca in the third round at Wembley Arena.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 30

● The Government said that they would reopen two Army camps at Rolleston, Salisbury Plain and Camberley in Surrey as temporary jails to try and help reduce overcrowding.

● Leyland Bus was sold to Sweden's

Volvo group for around £15 million.

THURSDAY, MARCH 31

● Mrs Thatcher condemned plans by Amnesty International to conduct a separate inquiry into deaths of three unarmed IRA bombers in Gibraltar. She said: “I hope Amnesty has the same concern for the more than 2,000 people murdered by the IRA since 1969.”

● The skull and crossbones warning symbol on medicine bottles is to be replaced by a bright green bogeyman called Mr Yuk. Tests in America have shown that he is a better deterrent for inquisitive children.

FRIDAY, APRIL 1

● Thousands of holidaymakers were stranded in Dover at the beginning of the Bank Holiday by the P&O ferry strike. The port was restored to 60 per cent capacity on Saturday when French crews returned to work. On Sunday, P&O strikers voted by 1,600 to one to stay out in protest at potential job losses and changed working hours.

● Britain's six million cats kill an estimated 100 million birds and small mammals each year, a survey revealed.

SATURDAY, APRIL 2

● Oxford beat Cambridge by five and a half lengths in the 134th Boat Race. It was their 12th victory in 13 years.

● Erwin Van Haarlem, a north London antiques dealer, was arrested on suspicion of spying for Czechoslovakia.

SUNDAY, APRIL 3

● The Bishop of Durham, the Right Rev David Jenkins, condemned the Government's social policy as “wicked” in an Easter Day radio interview. Nicholas Fairbairn MP responded that the Bishop had become “an Antichrist”.

● Alain Prost won the Brazilian Grand Prix.

MONDAY, APRIL 4

● Four British boys on a school holiday in Austria fell 300 feet to their deaths on the snow-covered Untersberg mountain near Salzburg. Two of their friends escaped by clinging on to trees. Austrian police said it was “inconceivable” that they should have been left to wander on their own in “such extreme Alpine conditions”. Wendy Powell, mother of one of the dead boys said, “Boys will be boys. They are daring. . . The teachers are not to blame.”

● Shirley Banks was found dead in a shallow stream in the Quantock Hills, Somerset, six months after she disappeared while shopping in Bristol. John Cannan, a businessman, has been charged with her murder.

● The Government announced a new “punishment package” to reduce prison overcrowding and compensate victims of crime. Young criminals and first offenders may be placed under curfew and allowed to work, while paying their victims a percentage of their income.

● *Crossroads*, the soap opera set in a motel near Birmingham, closed after 23 years and 4,510 episodes.

● Three thousand Indian troops moved to the Indo-Pakistan frontier following claims that Pakistan is

arming the Sikh separatist movement. Over 645 innocent civilians are estimated to have died in sectarian violence in the Punjab since January 1.

TUESDAY, APRIL 5

● Shia Muslim terrorists hijacked a Kuwait Airways 747 flying from Bangkok and diverted it to the Iranian provincial city of Mashad. The aircraft was carrying 111 people, including 22 Britons (who were later released), and three members of the Kuwaiti royal family. The hijackers demanded the release of 17 terrorists held by Kuwait. The plane was later flown to Larnaca, Cyprus, after being refused permission to land at Beirut. On April 9 a Kuwaiti military officer was taken from among the passengers and shot. Amid rumours that the SAS might storm the plane, the hijackers warned that they would begin the “slow, quiet massacre” of the remaining passengers. On

“No one knows how to make a Chippendale chair any more, so why should anyone dress as though he's going to sit in one?”

Sir Anthony Quayle

April 11 a second hostage, also a Kuwaiti army officer, was murdered. Kuwait said “We will not surrender to blackmail even if we lose more of them.”

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6

● Relief workers in Ethiopia were ordered out of the drought-stricken provinces of Tigre and Eritrea as a prelude to a major counter-offensive by President Mengistu's government against rebel troops.

THURSDAY, APRIL 7

● Mikhail Gorbachev reaffirmed Moscow's pledge to withdraw troops from Afghanistan from May 15.

● The famous lionesses of Longleat were put on the pill because they were “breeding like rabbits”.

SATURDAY, APRIL 9

● *Rhyme 'n' Reason*, ridden by Brendan Powell and trained by David Elsworth, won the Grand National and took the £100,000 prize at 10-1.

SUNDAY, APRIL 10

● Over 100 people were killed and 700 injured when an arms dump in Islamabad, Pakistan, exploded. Sources in Pakistan blamed Afghan government agents trying to cut off weapon supplies to the Mujahadin rebels.

● Sandy Lyle became the first British golfer to win the US Masters golf championship and wear the coveted green jacket. He beat Mark Calcavecchia by one stroke after holing a dramatic eight foot putt on the 18th green in Augusta, Georgia.



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Monumental Egypt comes to Earl's Court

The scale of *Aida* at Earl's Court this summer will surpass any previous production of Verdi's opera seen in this country. The statistics are remarkable. The cast of 600 will involve singers, dancers of the London City Ballet and musicians from the London Symphony Orchestra. There will be room in the arena for an audience of 15,000 each night and a total of 90,000 will be able to see the six performances from June 26 to July 2. To put this in perspective it would take the Royal Opera House 20 years to reach such an audience with any opera.

But the Earl's Court *Aida* cannot be compared to anything produced in this country. It is a product of the Verona festival where opera is staged every summer in a Roman amphitheatre for an audience of 20,000. It has also been seen in a sports stadium on the outskirts of Paris and at the Hallenstadion in Zürich by a total of 300,000. Still, it is bound to leave Covent Garden feeling somewhat envious, for the ticket prices of between £20 and £25 will generate an expected income of £2,000,000, a good proportion of which will go to Mr Harvey Goldsmith, the impresario who has previously promoted Bob Dylan concerts at the arena.

MPs who are dyeing to look younger

When the experiment of televising the House of Commons begins this year it is expected that the cameras will not only change the behaviour of our elected representatives, who give a national lead to the yobbish tendency, but their appearance too.

It is believed by parliamentary observers that some have already



Vittorio Rossi's massive stage-set for his production of Verdi's *Aida*

begun to address the problem in the manner of President Reagan who in his seven years as US president has been tonic, as it were, to the manufacturers of hair dyes for men. Suddenly suspicion has been cast on the dark heads of hair belonging to Kenneth Baker, John Wakeham and Lord Young. Even Eric Heffer, the robust left-winger from Merseyside who is challenging for the deputy leadership of the Labour Party, is thought to be unusually youthful up top. Further information on these matters will be rewarded by the customary bottle of champagne or Grecian 2000.

Alter ego of a Treasury Solicitor

Who or what is the Treasury Solicitor? Latterly he has become well known in the media for what seems to be the intern-

perate dispatch of injunctions prohibiting the media from revealing state secrets. His renowned speciality is faxing legal documents to Sunday newspapers on Saturday afternoon so, it is alleged, they have no time to respond and have to abhor what-ever disclosure they are about to make.

He is thus perceived to be a very good thing by the Government and the media-loathing public, and a very bad thing by journalists who somehow believe that he has been recently created to persecute them.

The present holder of the title, Sir John Bailey, would like the world to know that in fact the Treasury Solicitor's office is one of the most fascinating institutions in Whitehall. So intriguing is the work of the 147 lawyers who are employed there that they perhaps deserve some good public relations.

This is not an easy task. For a start there is a certain lack of identity. The Treasury Solicitor has absolutely nothing to do with the Treasury, but instead works for the Attorney General. Even this does not seem certain. "Well," said Sir John, "I suppose you could describe the Attorney General as our boss though I am not sure that is exactly the relationship. No, we are not attached to any other Whitehall department."

This only contributes to the notion that the office is a body of malevolent and fax-happy men in grey suits acting without control or regulation—which would be wrong.

So what about the history of the Treasury Solicitor? Is there anything which could make the department seem more romantic or less malign? Sadly not. The Treasury Solicitor was founded in 1655 and immediately com-

missioned the celebrated Judge Jeffreys to roam the countryside putting all manner of innocent parties to death.

By contrast, Sir John is a kindly man who lists his recreations as reading, music and walking. (By the way, is it not time Civil Servants found some new interests for themselves?) So perhaps he represents PR potential.

Sadly not. Sir John is perfect in all respects except for the fact that he finds it hard not to speak in Latin, which is something of a drawback on the Terry Wogan show. Serpentine asked what his responsibilities were and he produced the following explanation: "We are generally *pro bono publico*, we look after the *bona vacante* and of course *parens patriae*."

The potential for reforming the Treasury Solicitor's image seems to be zero or, as they say in the department, *nihil*.

The badgering of a literary agent

Carolyn Dawnay, the literary agent who spotted the merit of a saga about badgers and sold the book to Penguin for £150,000 and to an American publisher for \$250,000, is beginning slightly to regret her find. For the publicity surrounding the book, which had originally been turned down by two London publishers (Macmillan and Heinemann) and then printed privately in Wales, has given encouragement to anthropomorphic authors all over the country.

Within a week chronicles featuring field mice, foxes, toads, water voles, long-eared bats, tawny owls, to name only a few, have arrived at her office at A.D. Peters. The least interesting of these is a lengthy book about a rabbit that swims named Aquabunny.

Serpentine's hot tips for the flat-racing season

While the Derby and Royal Ascot may not be quite what they once were, the excitement of the competition between the finest thoroughbreds in the world remain as compelling as ever. Serpentine would like to suggest a number of promising contenders for the major races of the flat season. This year's first



Reference Point, winner of the 1987 Derby. Who will win this year?

classic, the 1,000 Guineas at Newmarket, for example, is likely to be won by the French-trained *Ravinella*, although a good outsider is *Ashayer*. The firm favourite for the 2,000 Guineas is Guy Harwood's *Warning*, but there is a tremendous regard for Henry Cecil's *Reprimand*, which some foresighted punters backed at 66 to 1 before the season started.

The languid Henry Cecil usually has the Derby sewn up, and this year is no exception. He has three horses: *Carmelite House*, *Reprimand* and *Sanquirico*, any of whom could win the race. Serpentine opted for *Sanquirico* after its victory at Ascot at the end of last season, but informed sources on the turf regard *Reprimand* as a serious alternative. For the Oaks, Serpentine is plumping for Michael Stoute's *Dabaweyaa*, which will no doubt give the racecourse commentator a frightful headache in a short head victory.

Home truth from the House of Lords

Lord Home of the Hirsell may be within sight of his 85th birthday, but he has lost none of his sense of humour. In the Lords' tea room the other day he was overheard telling an astonished guest "I'm getting a bit dotty you know."

The former Prime Minister is not that dotty, though he may like to give the impression sometimes. Not long ago Lord Home was gleefully recalling a conversation he had had with the late Lord Brockway, who was then comfortably in his 90s.

Home had stopped Brockway in the Lords' corridor with the words: "Good Lord, Fenner, I hope you feel better than you look. You look dreadful."

The relentlessly cheerful Brockway apparently replied promptly. "Well, you would look like this too, Alec, if you'd just been to the doctor."

"Why—what did he tell you?"

"That I had to give up two of things I care most about—drink and sex."

With that Brockway let out a wicked laugh, before adding— "Damn fool."

Is Hattersley's political career a write-off?

Whatever happens in the campaign for the deputy leadership of the Labour Party, one thing is abundantly clear. Whether he loses to John Prescott or not, we will not have heard the last of that ebullient gourmet, wordsmith and occasional politician, Roy Hattersley.

Literary London has been agog for months about the number of books Mr Hattersley has apparently decided to write—providing the commissions are generous. There was talk of an autobiography, and a novel or two—one of them a thriller. Indeed, the possible output from Mr H's typewriter even provoked Mr Prescott to ask how the deputy leader of the Labour Party could find the time to write so much.

For the moment, the Hattersley autobiography has gone on to the back burner, although whether the intervention of John Prescott has anything to do with it is a moot point. But there are rumours of no fewer than three Hattersley novels—all with large advances. Some say as much as £150,000.

Even a worm will turn

Incident in a London snack bar. Man enters in pin-stripe suit and some agitation. Barges his way to front of queue and tries to attract attention of a woman behind the counter by waving a paper bag in the air. She ignores him and continues to serve customer. Man goes red in the face and shouts, "Look here. There's a worm in my hamburger!" He pulls open the hamburger bun and there indeed is the worm coiled neatly on top of the meat. He explains that if he had not been adding tomato ketchup he would not have noticed the worm. Everyone agrees that he has had a narrow escape ●



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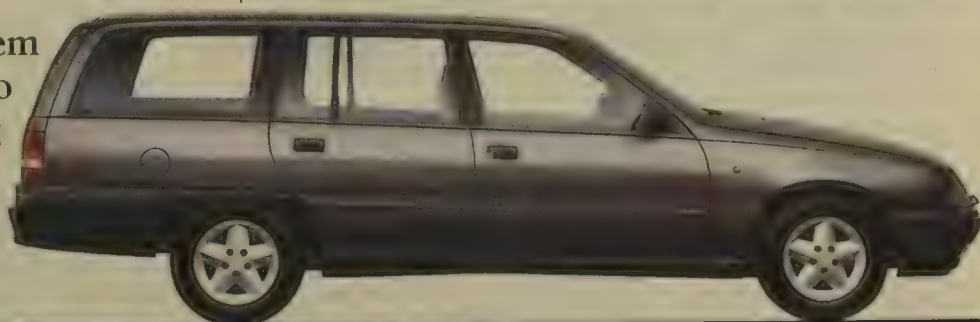
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Letter from LAFAYETTE STREET

In the course of a lazy afternoon I spent looking at New York architecture with Tom Wolfe seven years ago, he told me about *The Bonfire of the Vanities*. It was not called that yet, but he knew what it would be about, whom it would be about, how it would feel as a novel. The writer who had fired the turbine of New Journalism, in such books as *Radical Chic* and *The Right Stuff*, Wolfe was about to turn his not-inconsiderable talents loose on fiction—fiction not of the petty, tiny sort that was being turned out in America at the time, and still is, but *big* fiction. *Grand* fiction. Balzac. Hugo. Thackeray. Proust. Wolfe wished to write the first American Post-Modernist novel and its subject was to be the city of New York.

Wolfe's portrait of the Bronx judicial system as a festering stew, teeming with all manner of depravity and criminality, is wholly accurate. (When trying to get a fix on the Bronx, don't think of Brixton. To the New Yorker, Brixton is a leafy, Wordsworthian glen. Think of Coventry. In 1945, Wolfe's New York—a clammy, grabby metropolis beset by Vesuvian racial and ethnic tensions—is of course, wholly accurate as well. So accurate, in fact, that real events threatened to overtake the book both before and after its publication.

New York political leaders—black, Hispanic and white—have predictably been acting in their own self-interest, kicking Wolfe publicly for his treatment of New Yorkers—black, Hispanic and white—in the book. Nowhere is this fitful drama more immediate—and politically explosive—than in a little town an hour's drive up the Hudson River from New York, with the Capraesque name of Wappingers Falls. For it is there that the purported abduction of a 15-year-old black girl has ensnared the governor and the state's highest law-enforcement officials in a baffling case that is being used by an explosive black activist fringe group led by the Reverend Al Sharpton (see the Reverend Bacon in *The Bonfire of the Vanities*) to foment racial and ethnic antagonisms in the city. Frustrated by the contradictions in the case and infuriated by black pressure to solve it—and solve it in a manner approved by the black activists—the police are faced with the task of piecing together details of a crime that may never be fully explained. Or may never have happened.

At the centre of this murkiness is Tawana Brawley, who, after fuzzily describing a horrifying four days of sexual and racial abuse at the hands of half-a-dozen white men (including one she thought was a police officer), has, at the urging of Sharpton and her lawyers, refused to co-operate further. Her attorneys, Alton H. Maddox Junior and C. Vernon Mason—notorious for their tendency to proclaim anyone who gets in their way as racist—are not only keeping her from testifying further, but have demanded a say in how the state investigates the case.

The day she disappeared last autumn, Tawana Brawley had skipped classes to visit her 17-year-old boyfriend, Todd Buxton, who was in jail serving a six-month sentence for having shot at another youth. After the visit, she went to Buxton's parents' house. She seemed in no apparent hurry to return home, and fretted openly about ongoing troubles she was having with her stepfather, Ralph King, a man with a temper, who himself was jailed from 1970 to 1977 for murdering his previous wife.

Around dinner-time, Brawley boarded a bus for the 20-minute trip home. About half a mile from where she was due to get off the bus, she called for the driver to stop, and he had to brake and swerve over to the side of the busy highway to let her out. She says that, as she was walking along the road, a dark car pulled over beside her and a white man with sandy blond hair and a light-brown moustache jumped out and dragged her into the back. She said that he was wearing a dark jacket and that he had on a badge and a holster. Brawley says that the man took her to a wooded area where at least three more men were waiting, and that they sexually abused her. (She told investigators that she had been raped, but later denied this.) Four days later she was found huddled in a plastic garbage bag, her hair shorn, her school-books and bag missing, her body covered with faeces and scrawled racial slurs.

These are the facts as outlined by Brawley in the course of three sparse interviews she had with police, during which she responded to inquiries by either grunting, shaking her head or replying with handwritten notes. The case appeared to be straightforwardly ugly. But, in the months since the incident, not a single piece of evidence has been uncovered that might substantiate Brawley's claim. Little by little, police have begun to realize that Tawana Brawley's story is anything but straightforward.

Two days after she disappeared, according to an investigation conducted by the *New York Times*, neighbours in the apartment complex from which Brawley's family had been evicted two weeks earlier, say they saw her creeping along the outside wall of the building. Other neighbours have testified that they heard the door slam in the ground-floor apartment that the family had occupied, and that they could hear people talking on the other side of the apartment's thin walls. The evidence suggests Brawley may have spent one or more nights in the apartment, for which she, apparently, still had a key. Her attorneys deny that she was there at all. (There were later reports that a grey car belonging to Harry Crist Junior, a 28-year-old part-time police officer, was seen near the apartment at about the same time. Crist committed suicide the next week, leaving behind a note that placed the reason on personal problems unrelated to the Brawley case.)

On the fourth day of Brawley's disappearance, her mother—who had yet to file an official missing persons report on her daughter—went back to the family's old apartment to pick up mail that had not been forwarded to their new address. Moments after her mother left the apartment, neighbours say that they saw Brawley out on the lawn of the complex, acting in a bizarre manner. Then, they say, she crawled into a plastic garbage bag.

Upon inspecting the family's old apartment, investigators found that the heat had been turned up very high. (Brawley's jeans were scorched as if they had been hung over a stove or hot radiator to dry.) They also came upon bits of marijuana and hashish, and a denim jacket that the girl had been wearing when she disappeared. (Brawley was later tested for signs of drug abuse. None was found. But neither were there signs of rape, sexual abuse, malnutrition or exposure.)

Underneath the garbage bag police found a pair of leather gloves stained with a charcoal-like substance similar to that which had been used to scrawl the racial slurs on her body. In the ambulance on the way to the hospital, wads of cotton-like fibre were found plugging her ears and nostrils. The fibre had apparently been taken from the linings of a pair of white boots found in the apartment. Al Sharpton, Brawley's self-appointed adviser, has claimed that inmates in Northern Ireland have, in the past, stuffed cotton in their nostrils and ears to prevent infection when they smeared faeces on themselves to protest against jail conditions. He claims that a white racist cult linked to the IRA is responsible for her abduction. Nobody is taking him very seriously. (Sharpton has gone further and accused one of the assistant district attorneys working on the investigation of being one of the rapists.)

The case of Tawana Brawley is an investigator's worst nightmare. So sensitive is the whole matter that governor Mario Cuomo, terrified of what a black backlash could do for the presidential candidacy in which he swears he is not interested, has taken the highly unusual step of appointing the state's attorney general, Robert Abrams, as special prosecutor over the case. Was Tawana Brawley abducted? Did her mother encounter Brawley when she went to the apartment to pick up the mail? Is her father involved? The black community wants abductors found. Any abductors it seems. Brawley won't talk.

And Tom Wolfe? He has just sold the paperback rights to his book for \$1.5 million. The movie is due out next year ●

Graydon Carter, New York

Graydon Carter is editor of *Spy* magazine

& ampersand

Alan Rusbridger perfects his handshake, puts on a new front and whistles at some wild women



London has 1,703 masonic lodges. I know because I've counted them. They are listed in any copy of the *Masonic Year Book*—the sort of thing that turns up from time to time in the tattier second-hand bookshops. Some have rather grand names like Insuranto, Integrity, Gateway of Friendship, Humility with Fortitude. Others are rather more mundane: West Twyford Coronation, Haberdashers' Old Boys, Borough of Hackney.

The masons have been getting a fair amount of publicity of late: almost certainly more than they want and probably more than they deserve. They have even started responding. Their personable Grand Secretary, Commander Michael Higham, is sometimes available to appear on television chat shows. Grand Lodge has, in tune with current marketing practice, put out a video.

It is almost impossible for the outsider to make an informed judgment about the masons' influence, sinister or otherwise. But two things make me suspicious. One is the case of Chief Inspector Brian Wollard, a Metropolitan policeman who has been appallingly treated since making complaints about masonic influence on an inquiry he was handling. The other is a letter I was sent by a man—let us call him Bill—who lives in West London.

Bill appears to have a particular obsessional campaign, which we need not go into here. But in the course of his obsession he was anxious to trace his former mistress and another man. He knew only that one was living in West London and the other in Preston—and that they were both ex-directory.

Bill, who was familiar with masonic ritual, wrote to "The Director General" of British Telecom asking for the addresses

of the pair. Someone from BT duly rang him up and gave him the information. (It should be emphasised that there is no evidence that the chairman—this was 1983—knew anything at all about the correspondence.)

I telephoned Bill and asked him how on earth he had managed it. He guided me to the careful phrasing of his letter. He began by assuring the recipient he was "on the level and am looking for a square deal". He also promised that he would not put the information to unlawful use. At the top of the writing paper was a tiny masonic symbol.

But how, I asked him, did he know that the chairman of BT was a mason? He didn't, he replied. But it was a more than fair bet that a letter addressed to the top man in any large organisation in this country would be seen by someone who was.

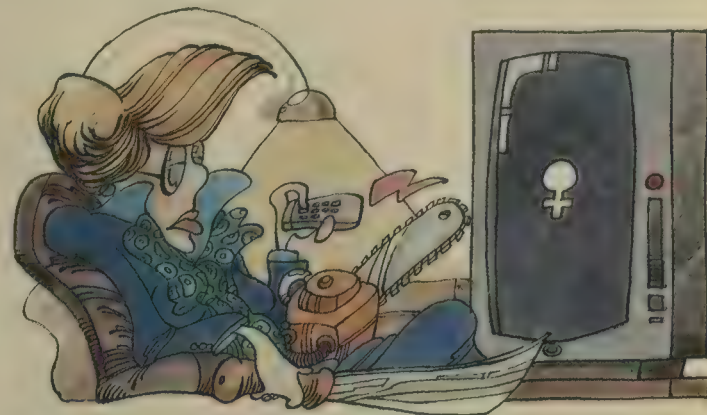
Remember Patrick Harrington? Remember the stormy scenes outside the Polytechnic of North London over the right of a young National Front follower to study philosophy? The blighted academic career? The anguish of Government? Lo and behold, I spy the little fellow's name in the latest issue of *Vanguard*, an NF publication. Is it a warm tribute to the young man who did so much to advance the cause of British fascism? Not a bit of it. He is denounced as a renegade, a turncoat, an informer.

It seems little Patrick is now to be seen distributing anti-racist publications in the same East End areas he used to work during his NF days. *Vanguard* accuses him of all sorts of unpleasantness—handing out names and addresses of NF activists, chanting "NF Scum" at marches and other

practices that are too libellous to mention.

In other words, Patrick has grown up a little. Who knows, maybe all those philosophy lessons did him some good after all? And maybe the next time another pip-squeak proto-fascist turns up at college we will know to ignore him.

I speak only as a man, but I am increasingly puzzled by radical feminism. Consider the assertions by the American feminist Andrea Dworkin in her latest book, *Letters from a War Zone*, published this month (Sidgwick & Jackson): "Men believe that they



have the right to rape." Or "Men really believe that they have the right to hit and to hurt." Or "Men love death." Or "In . . . Christian tradition women are dirty and inclined to evil."

Despite her best endeavours Ms Dworkin seems merely dated. For reasons that are not entirely clear to me, feminism seems to have gone off the boil. Maybe there are still women around who think all men are rapists, but we do not hear so much from them today.

It is a curious thing that the more women editors and top female executives there are in Fleet

Street, the less the feminist voice is heard. Consider the big-name women writers on the tabloids: Jean Rook, Linda Lee-Potter, Fiona MacDonald-Hull and Anne Robinson. They have each abandoned the pen and typewriter in favour of the machete and the chain-saw, but hardly in furtherance of the sisterhood. Julie Birchall is also fond of the acid-bath school of writing, but only in the cause of perversity.

Mary Kenny has turned from a wild young chick into a broody hen; Jill Tweedie has moved into fiction; Anna Coote into television; Germaine Greer into Tuscany and chat shows. The odd attempts at feminist television shows have faded as fast as they have been launched. *Spare Rib* has been marginalised by years of internal feuding and now looks and reads like a fourth-form magazine. And Ms Wendy Henry, the first woman editor in Fleet Street, has managed the impossible and turned the *News of the World* into a sleazier, more sexist, nastier paper.

What explains all this? Is it that the cause has been fought and won? Is it that the vanguard, having made it to the ramparts, have pulled up the ladder behind them? Is it another niggling symptom of the Thatcherite times in which we live? Or, more mundanely, is it simply the swing of the

old journalistic pendulum? Is feminism much the same, when all is said and done, as Northern Ireland? Twenty years ago Belfast was the place where all keen young reporters flocked to make their reputations. It was a new story: fresh things could be written. Today the problem is just as awful, but it is an old story and young talent avoids Belfast like the plague. There is more fun to be had writing about personal finance. Maybe the same is true of feminism. The only people still at it have to scream even more loudly to make themselves heard ●

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MAKING MORE OF A CAR



THE GOOD LIFE AND HOW LONDONERS GET IT

Scams, cons, kickbacks, backhanders, short cuts, financial inducements, call them what you will, they have become a distinctive part of London life in the 1980s. While some are mildly illegal and others downright selfish, they are deemed by many to be necessary: if British Telecom was efficient, the bribing of engineers would never have arisen. If the parking arrangements in London were better, drivers would never feel the urge to claim false addresses and pretend to be doctors. This, then, is the guide to what is going on below the surface of London, a guide to how some citizens buy tickets to *The Phantom of the Opera* for £600 and others sell seats at Wimbledon for the same figure; a guide to how much it costs to shave mileage off a clock and how little it costs to ensure the successful application for a licence to sell wines and spirits. Michael Watts reports on what Londoners get up to, using their ingenuity, contacts and wallets.

Have royalty attend your party

Find a charity patronised by the royal family and invite a royal to attend your ball in its cause. From October to December there is a charity ball almost every night of the week. The NSPCC (President: Princess Margaret) holds its Cinderella Ball in December. You may ring the appeals office of the NSPCC and buy as many tickets as are available (cost: £45). Most people take a table of 10.

At these events, charities make money by selling advertising space in their programmes to large companies. Ticket money only helps defray the cost of the evening. Hobnobbing with royals comes expensive.

Acquire cheap cut-flowers, house plants and bedding plants.

Few know that the public may gain access to the New Covent Garden Market at Nine Elms, Vauxhall simply by paying the car park fee. This means the buyer avoids the considerable mark up placed on plants and flowers by florists and garden centres.

To get the minimum trade price it is probably necessary to have a card printed up in the name of a fictitious florist. One that worked in the past was simply inscribed WORM'S WORLD.

Become a member of the MCC

You need to be proposed and seconded by existing members, who fill out your application; then wait your turn until enough members pop off or resign. But if you are an able cricketer, you will be considered after two years' probation playing games for the MCC against the likes of school and club sides.

Get your child into the state school of your choice

Council education departments will turn you down if the school is out of your catchment area, or another of your children has not previously attended. So the ploy is to give a false address in the relevant area, preferably an address belonging to a friend or relative.

A variation of this ruse can be tried should you move house but wish to retain your GP.

End a neighbour's noisy party

Ring your local council's environmental health department, which has a duty officer on 24 hour call, and he should turn out with his noise meter no matter what the hour.

Procure a cab in the pouring rain

Find a hotel, quickly enter and exit, looking very grand, and wave imperiously from the hotel steps. Cabbies always go where the money is. You may also try shouting, "To Heathrow!" from beneath your umbrella, and, when the cab has crept to a halt, calmly inform the driver your destination is elsewhere. This is not universally recommended. Sir James Goldsmith merely walks along exclaiming, "Big tips!" but this may not work for everyone.

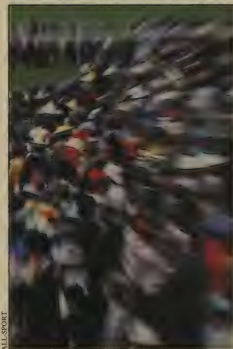
Acquire an Oxbridge education

An established way of ensuring the smooth passage of a thick young pupil into Oxford or Cambridge is to endow a college with a new library, roof or laboratory. This may be prohibitively expensive so other ways of "going to Oxford or Cambridge" are rapidly gaining in popularity.



Play a straight bat for admission to MCC

AND HOW



Even oaks wear top hats

One is to be a visiting student from abroad. Each year Oxford offers a handful of places which each cost a total of £3,800 (£1,600 to the university and £2,200 to the particular college).

Tutors make themselves available and the student may attend lectures, but at the end of the year there is no paper qualification.

A cheaper route is to acquire a grant for a post-graduate education or teacher-training course. The original degree does not have to be spectacular nor does the applicant's first university. Once on the course, you become a member of a college of your choice.

Be buried at Westminster Abbey

No one has been buried at the Abbey since the Interment Act of Parliament in 1850, but it is



Abbey national hero

possible to have your ashes laid to rest there at the discretion of the Dean or if you have worked inside the Abbey as, for example, a librarian, stone-mason, carpenter or choir-member. The Abbey is the Queen's private chapel in London, "a royal peculiar", and is otherwise usually reserved for national heroes.

Admission to Ascot's Royal Enclosure

In the past, most people have been able to get in through a sponsor who had been admitted to the Royal Enclosure on eight previous occasions. There is no further vetting. "We expect our sponsors to use their own discretion in these matters," the Ascot office at St James's Palace explains. But, for this year, complaints of over-crowding, and an increase of hoi polloi in the once-exclusive sanctuary, have meant that no new members are being admitted, except for the 16- to 25-year-old children of present members who must apply by the end of April to ensure a place.

Foreign nationals can still gain admission by virtue of a ticket quota allocated to embassies and this must be a source of illegal passes.

Profit from Wimbledon

This deplorable practice is now so common that there seems no reason for not publicising the details. An ordinary member of the public may apply for Wimbledon tickets through as many friends and relatives as he can muster. Each application is accompanied by a cheque which will be cashed only if tickets are allotted. The individual then sells the tickets on the black market for many times their original value.

The university course of your choice

Apply for a worthy but obscure course, like tree management, and, once accepted and bedded in, profess incompatibility and ask to be transferred to a more desirable subject. Providing your A Level passes are not too bad, a university solicitor of its students will hesitate to refuse the request.

Avoid parking tickets

A few people buy a "Doctor on call" sign from a surgical supplier and attach it to their windscreen. This is deliberately misleading and may cause trouble. A stethoscope placed prominently on the dashboard conveys the same message. Those questioned after displaying a sign have confessed that their doctorate is of philosophy. Subsequent jokes about attending an urgent case of logical positivism at No 24 do not generally impress traffic wardens or policing officers.

A system invented and practised by ragtrade businessmen in the East End is said to work, although no one at the Central Ticket Office will confirm. Collect a number of parking tickets and pay only the one with the latest date on it. When payment is registered, the computer will erase records of the previous unpaid tickets. Ragtraders swear by it, although it cannot be longer before the ticket office remedies the error in the programme.

Become a member of Equity

The Equity card is one of the most elusive of all union membership cards. Without it, aspiring actors and actresses may not act professionally, let alone attend auditions. They are incredibly difficult to acquire, particularly as the applicant has to show that he or she has had acting experience, which of course can only be gained with an Equity card.

One way out of the dilemma, which has saved many from years in the provinces as an assistant stage manager, is to bare all in a strip club. The striptease artist is eligible for a card.

Become a celebrity

By all the laws of publicity, Derek Hatton, the erstwhile power on Liverpool City council, should have disappeared from view. However, Mr Hatton is constantly before the cameras, modelling clothes, launching books and generally behaving like a major public figure.

The secret of his celebrity is his publicity agent, Max Clifford, who takes the simple view: "If Andy Warhol thought everyone should be



Star-maker machinery

famous for 15 minutes, someone like me is able to achieve it for you for at least half-an-hour."

Providing the candidate has some basic material on which Clifford can work and a cheque for £1,500 a month, there is no reason why he or she should not be captured by the paparazzi photographers and appear in the newspapers.

"There would be pictures of you and an actress—whether you remained well-known would be up to you," says Clifford.

Acquire a residents' parking permit

This involves an effort, but such is the activity of clamp squads in Chelsea, Fulham, Marylebone and Westminster that Londoners are prepared to go to considerable lengths to acquire a Residents' Parking Permit. Most boroughs require at least two documents proving that the driver resides in the area for which he or she wants to gain a parking permit. This is usually achieved by persuading a bona



fide resident to allow the illicit applicant to use his address. The applicant must then change the address on his vehicle log book or his driving licence. The most determined people have themselves entered on the electoral register. Many of these steps offend the law, but there are few prosecutions. In future, the implementation of the poll tax may be punishment enough.

A free Harrods baby-cot and rattle

Contrive, like a woman of our acquaintance, to go into labour in Harrods. The "top persons' store" should be appreciative, although the practice is not recommended to employees of Tiny Rowland's Lonhro company.

A new BMW at massive reduction

Car showrooms will reduce, by as much as £3,000, the price of any "demonstrator model" used for test-drives. It may have done up to 6,000 miles, but will be in perfect condition due to constant servicing—an additional perk. BMW, whose cars range in price from £8,000 to £55,500 for the new 750 model, sell their "demos" after four months. A 7-series model will be cheaper by £1,000.

Put the "clock" back

The practice of shaving off mileage is known among bent dealers and scrap-metal merchants as "giving it a haircut", for which the going London rate is £50. Remember, 12,000 miles is a reasonable yearly average. Remember, too, the penalty for discovery: £400 for the first offence, and an unlimited fine and/or two years in prison for a persistent offender.

Convert a home into a moneyspinner

Producers of films, commercials and television programmes will pay an average of £400 to £500 a day to rent a private house for location shooting. A stately home can charge anything upwards of £1,200 a day. There are at least 50 film location consultants in Britain, most of them in London. Most owners like to see their homes on film but it is essential that the rooms are large enough to include a film crew of at least 24. There may also be some considerable mess left by the crew.



HOMER SYKES

Install telephone extensions and equipment cheaply and without delay

Thankfully, or regrettably, depending upon one's moral stance, there are a good many telephone engineers only too eager to work independently of British Telecom. A generalisation may be risked: they tend to be the longer-serving employees. More recent recruits are prone to idealism, or else are fearful of the consequences of freelancing (some believe that CID has men inside British Telecom).

A compliant engineer is nonetheless invaluable in thwarting British Telecom's policy, which is, apparently, to make one wait months for an installation. The most common method of contacting an engineer is to remove the telephone from its hook, ring the exchange (from an outside number) and explain that the line has broken. When the engineer arrives, the subscriber delicately inquires of his willingness to install extensions (standard cost: £28 each) and other telephone additions. These have been acquired at a fraction of the cost.

Generally, it is the middle and upper classes

who try to beat the Telecom system. An engineer we know reports an experience in Belgravia. "I asked for my money and this old bugger tried to beat me down. 'I will give you £6, my good man,' he told me. The posh ones are always the worst."

Get into Glyndebourne

A tight membership system (5,000 people) and the venue's small size (830 seats) make the Glyndebourne season (from May 16 to August 18) the most impenetrable of artistic festivals. To know a conductor, performer or a member of the Glyndebourne Society greatly helps; better still, make friends with Glyndebourne's owner, Sir George Christie. The personal columns of *The Times* are another good source of tickets. But if even a blank cheque does not work, a few fearless opera enthusiasts dress up to the nines, take a picnic, and wait for box-office returns. Embassies, particularly, sometimes give back their allocations. Tickets are £60, £45 and £25. You may not be surprised to learn that there are still some left for *The Electrification of the Soviet Union*.

Get a publican's licence, despite a criminal record

The ultimate responsibility for granting public licences rests with the magistrates' courts. However, all applications are first vetted by a police officer who is probably familiar with the applicant and the area in which he hopes to open his pub. Magistrates almost invariably follow the policeman's advice, so it is essential for the applicant to impress this officer with his honesty and integrity. In the past, this was sometimes achieved by handing over a "a few bob" to the policeman for a charity of his choice. A donation of this nature would cost between £80 and £150, though the practice has, supposedly, died out.

Upgrade your airline ticket

The trick lies in establishing a relationship with the travel agency, which maintains a system of backhanders with certain airline employees. About £40 should do it, payable to your contact at the airport, a member of the particular airline's department of special services.

In Britain this is a highly secretive business, and any airline employee apprehended is liable for dismissal, since the airlines make their profits from the more expensive tickets. Even here, it only really works when a flight is below capacity. In the Third World, however, the proffering of folding money in return for a seat is quite common.

Another ploy is to claim a disability like a bad back or a history of heart disease, although a doctor's certificate may be required. An airline will then sometimes upgrade you to a more comfortable seat.

An MOT for a dodgy motor

Most garages would rather charge you for the work, but the less reputable will fix the certificate for between £25 and £100, depending upon the degree of acquaintance or gullibility. Some scrapyards have stolen stamped certificates which they fill out and sell for about £20. South and west London are said to be the places to try.



REX

Top left, a day at the opera. Left, top people's birthright. Above, a pub licence to print money. Below, fiddling under the bonnet

Make money from sporting events

People living near Brands Hatch, Silverstone or Wembley may let out their property, in whole or part, to visiting spectators, usually rich Americans. If they are prepared to move in with relatives, Wimbledon residents can make up to £1,000 during the tennis fortnight.

Distract a jury

While "jury nobbling" appears to be rare, there are a number of subtle devices used by lawyers to sway the jury. In a recent civil action in the London High Court one of the canniest of London solicitors deployed the following methods: he appointed the most youthful member of his firm to sit behind the barrister. "Juries always like young men who are obviously trying hard for their client. They warm to youth," he said. Next to the young man he placed the prettiest blonde that his firm could muster. "She didn't have anything to do with the case, but I made her take notes." The distraction worked. The woman received a note from a member of the jury asking her out to dinner and the client won his case ●



HOMER SYKES



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Michael Heseltine is perceived as being "wet", yet he has a passion for efficiency, believes in standing up to bullies, abolished the GLC and can be rough



ODD COUPLE LOOM OVER THATCHER

Nobody knows quite what Michael Heseltine and Norman Tebbit are up to, but they now represent the strongest challenge to Mrs Thatcher's administration yet to emerge from the Tory back benches

Peter Walker's theory of political power has become a received wisdom among Conservative MPs. It states that whatever the humiliation, misery and downright impotence endured as a member of Mrs Thatcher's Cabinet, it is better to stay in office than be consigned to the outer darkness of the backbenches. The Welsh Office, in Mr Walker's case, may not be quite at the centre of

policy making, but at least he retains some semblance of influence.

The two politicians who demur from this view are Norman Tebbit and Michael Heseltine, who, over recent months, formed an uneasy but dangerous alliance on the backbenches. It first came to public notice when the Government attempted to fudge the abolition of the Inner London Education Authority. The

Government's capitulation could not have been more total. The trumpets were barely pressed to the lips of Messrs Heseltine and Tebbit than the walls fell down.

Although there was no deep-laid plot, the effect of both of these former Cabinet Ministers at the top of the Commons' motion calling for the immediate abolition of the Authority was devastating. Other Cabinet Ministers simply did not want a fight with Heseltine and Tebbit on this or on any other issue. It was known that they had long shared the same views, which were first expressed when Heseltine was at the Department of the Environment and Tebbit supported him in Cabinet.

Why were two former ministers able to create such a reaction? The Commons and the Lords are littered with the political bones of former ministers who have gone to the backbenches convinced they would make their marks there. Some, like Edward Heath, have continued to make headlines—though ever smaller ones—and to infuriate the Prime Minister. Apparently, she still demands to see the answers to all the questions he puts to ministers, even on the most mundane local matters. But Heath is an exception. The majority fade quickly from view.

The distinction Heseltine and Tebbit draw is that they have not, like so many of their colleagues, been sacked. Heseltine staged his own dramatic walk-out from the Cabinet when he thought the Prime Minister was trying to thwart his attempt to have a genuine European rather than United States helicopter project. On his side he had the entire weight of ministerial argument over a number of years—that it was important for European industry to stand on its own feet and that, in its more rational moments, this is what America wanted too.

Tebbit went after the 1987 general election and an exhausting period as party chairman. He wanted to spend more time with his wife and was still suffering from the 1984 Brighton bombing which severely injured them both.

Tebbit supporters will tell you that their man is better placed than Michael Heseltine because he did not go under protest, but it is doubtful if this is the whole story. There was, perhaps inevitably, tension between the Prime Minister and her party chairman. He was always ready to tell her what he saw as the truth. Differences were there well before the election.

But there is a basic truth in what both sides claim. In all their disagreements with the Prime Minister, both Tebbit and Heseltine have been scrupulously careful to stay loyal to the Conservative Party. Heseltine says: "I would never see myself as part of any opposition. There are few more supportive people around. I was a member of the Government for most of its life, played a role in most of its decisions and have written a book which has proved to be prophetic about the way it has moved since I left."

Even in a stridently critical speech to the Commons, Heseltine always manages to save a few minutes to demonstrate his basic loyalty. If, for example, he is attacking the nonsense of the Government's poll-tax proposals, he will close with an obviously synthetic assault on Labour—if only to deter Labour spokesmen who follow from damaging his reputation with

fulsome praise. He must know that it detracts from the impact of what he is saying, but he has a higher priority: he is talking to the Tory Party in the country.

It is a long-perfected technique. At party conferences he has mixed his passionate vision of a fairer society in which the inner cities would be revived with an earthy denunciation of party political opponents. He seeks the same strength as *The Daily Telegraph* in its relations with its readers. It can be as critical as it likes because its basic loyalty is never in doubt.

The other striking factor about the Heseltine-Tebbit alliance is that both men still clearly do have a future. Michael Heseltine is still appearing high in polls of electors and, perhaps more important, among Tory MPs, as the man they would like to see as leader of the Conservative Party or Prime Minister. He is credited with visiting more than 100 constituencies during the last general election campaign, usually the constituencies of MPs sympathetic to him. His campaigning did not stop with the general election. His Fridays, the traditional day for constituency speech-making, are booked for the rest of this year.

MPs are very much aware that either of the two could still be leader if Mrs Thatcher were compelled to step down—as unlikely as that appears at the moment.

From their public images one might conclude that an alliance was out of the question. Heseltine is perceived as being on the “wet” wing of the party, with trendy ideas about what he wants done to improve standards of life for working people. Tebbit, variously described by opponents as “a semi-trained polecat”, “the Chingford skinhead” and much worse, has a rougher public persona. He began his Parliamentary career calling for tougher immigration controls and a lifting of sanctions against Rhodesia. He has told the jobless to “get on their bikes”.

The two are actually much closer than impressions suggest. Heseltine has a passion for efficiency, believes in standing up to bullies, abolished the GLC and can be rough, too. Despite his free-market stance and Thatcherite leanings, Tebbit, in office, was often pragmatic, even generous. He once replied with feeling that the only thing he had stabbed British Leyland in the back with was a cheque-book. He knows his hard image is a plus with party activists; a minus with a wider electorate. He may be trying to soften it.

Whatever else it might be, this is no sudden flirtation. The two have a long association in politics. Heseltine spotted Tebbit as a likely MP in the 1970s and made him his unofficial Parliamentary Private Secretary. As his dogsbody, Tebbit was behind Heseltine on the famous occasion when the MP for Henley, infuriated by an earlier Red Flag demonstration by Labour, stunned the Commons by lifting the mace from its stand and waving it about. Tebbit was exhorting him: “For God’s sake put it down!”

That was only the start. Later, they worked together closely. Tebbit was Industry Minister when Heseltine was Environment Secretary, both dealing with urban renewal problems, and when Heseltine was moved to Defence to stop



Norman Tebbit is described by opponents as “a semi-trained pole-cat”. Despite his free-market stance, in office he was often pragmatic, even generous

the tide of unilateral disarmament he was again in close contact with Tebbit in Industry. Tebbit attempted to mediate in the Westland row in Cabinet, another factor which will not have endeared him to the Prime Minister. Tebbit was not committed to fight for the European helicopter but, as party chairman, was alarmed that Heseltine was not being given a fairer chance to put his case.

Often they were on the same side. When Patrick Jenkin was Environment Secretary, trying to sort out the Liverpool situation, and Derek Hatton was causing havoc there it might have been expected that Heseltine, given his vigorous efforts to renew Liverpool, would be soft and Tebbit hard. One Cabinet member who recalls it says: “The truth is both were at one: not a penny must be given by way of concession to Hatton. When it came to the practical need to uphold policy, they were two of the toughest boys around.”

Both men deny fiercely that there is any kind of pact or plot, but they do lunch regularly and meet on other occasions. Just part of the social pattern of life at Westminster, they say, and they are coy about future co-operation. Asked, on one dark and unrelentingly wet day, if there will be other occasions, Heseltine said: “The sun could come out in 10 minutes.”

The reality is that it could come out quite often. They are likely to combine on other issues, as Tebbit puts it, “to nudge policy in the

right direction. I don’t think anyone should be surprised that two ex-ministers can sometimes agree,” he comments.

How far the relationship will stick in any contest for the leadership is another matter. When asked about his leadership ambitions, Michael Heseltine responded cryptically: “Life is about survival.”

There is just a fraction more doubt about Norman Tebbit. MPs believe that one of his reasons for resigning was that he wanted to put himself on a firmer financial footing and leave himself freer to prepare for a challenge. He is constantly to be seen talking to backbenchers. He is also busy working on a book about his political experiences, to be published this autumn—which will help to raise his profile.

Enemies believe that he is only “making up” to Heseltine to mellow his image. “I would sooner trust a cart-load of monkeys,” said one critic. Tebbit himself sometimes leaves the impression that he has doubts about his suitability for still higher office. He can be sharply disparaging about his abilities. And he may fancy himself more as the kingmaker than the king. But if he does, Heseltine is almost certainly not the king he has in mind.

As one MP put it: “The Heseltine-Tebbit relationship is more likely to be a marriage of convenience than anything else—with both partners sleeping around.” ●

—JOHN LEWIS

IT'S GROWN OUT OF RACING

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The Princess Royal has an impressive capacity for hard work. She also has a permanent twinkle. In an exclusive interview, the *ILN* plumbs the public persona of one of the most widely admired members of the royal family



THE IMAGE OF A PRINCESS

There is no doubt that Mrs Mark Philips, the Princess Royal, can be difficult. On this occasion, however, she was just mildly unco-operative for Her Royal Highness finds the process of being photographed an inexcusable bore.

She walked from her sitting room in Buckingham Palace into an adjacent room where a somewhat red-faced photographer stood uneasily among his light stands, cameras and umbrella reflectors. A palace aide, also displaying a certain edginess, asked her to stand by a desk for a very short time while the pictures were taken.

"Here?" she asked. "You mean you have come here to take a picture of a lamp stand?" The photographer gulped, the palace aide smiled nervously. They had taken some time to choose the spot and there had been a good deal of negotiation. The aide, gifted, one imagines, from birth with a courtly aplomb, had felt that the Princess Royal would have objected to being asked to sit at a desk which was not hers. "No, no, no," he said, "she dislikes anything false or fake. I promise you she won't sit at the desk... I would not ask her to if I were you." Eventually a small table was placed at the desk by the table lamp was settled on, although not without some anxiety on the part of the aide. "Well, you see, it's those objects behind her." The photographer looked baffled and scanned the bookshelf at the corner of the room. Nothing struck him as wrong. "Well," the aide said, "can't you see it? Can't you see what she will be standing in front of?" He then gestured

to two tucks, one featured the carving of a bare-breasted woman and the other a mother and child. They did not look out of place in a room full of rather strange objects: there were a number of mineral specimens, a tasteless golden bird perched on a lump of amethyst, a silver model of a boat and a primitive head, all the sorts of gifts that the royal family receives every day and which the public assume must be quickly consigned to a basement in the Palace. What was the problem? Was he worried about the bare-breasted aspect of the nearest tuck?

No, it was the ivory that bothered him. The royal family clearly should not be associated with the deplorable killing of elephants or any other ivory-producing animal. "People get extremely annoyed about it, you know," the photographer reassured him that the Princess would be obscuring the tucks.

For a few minutes she stood absolutely still, wearing an expression that was reminiscent of the time when she unwillingly posed with young Tricia Nixon at the White House. The photographer, visibly agitated, set off flashes round the room. Leads popped from his camera, he tripped over wires, he blustered and then finally summoned up the courage to ask the Princess Royal to change her pose, in the hope, no doubt, that the expression would change too. "Your Royal Highness, would you mind folding your arms?"

"What is the point of that? It is not going to make any difference to your picture, is it?" The world came to a halt for the photographer. His face suffused with blood and he stammered an

apology in which he tried to remember whether to say "Your Royal Highness" or "Ma'am" and ended up covering both options. After a few more shots the session was brought to an end by the aide who had clearly spotted a humorous but nonetheless dangerous twinkle appear in the Princess's eyes.

There is a widespread perception that the Princess Royal's character has undergone a startling change—that she has mellowed and become more tolerant and more flexible. This may be true although it is difficult to know whether her character reform is actual, especially when little episodes like the above are witnessed at close hand. What is certain is that the Princess's popularity is such that there are many who think she would make a very good monarch, even though the characteristics which are admired now are exactly the same ones which produced a certain waywardness and truculence earlier in her life.

Among the women of the royal family she regularly wins the most admiration. Last year she was voted number three in the BBC Radio Four poll for the Woman of the Year, beating the Queen, the Queen Mother and her omnipresent sisters-in-law, the Princesses of Wales and the Duchess of York (ahead of her were Mrs Thatcher and Dr Pauline Cutting, the heroic relief worker of the Beirut refugee camps).

Naturally the poll is a measure of perceived achievement rather than a straight test of popularity, but it is nevertheless a remarkable change from the 70s when she was regarded as a slightly sopid debutante with hippomaniacal tendencies.

The reform of her image, then—for she herself insists that she has not changed—is entirely due to her presidency of the British section of The Save the Children Fund. It is to her that the inner cities and architecture are to the Prince of Wales, though it must be said that he visits to Third World countries have captivated the public more than the Prince's urban concerns.

The contrast is interesting. Despite his troubled sincerity and the popularity of his views, he appears only to make speeches,

whereas Anne actually seems to be achieving something. In the last few years she has visited the poorest and most deprived parts of the world: India, Burma, Ethiopia, Upper Volta and, most recently, Uganda, Somalia and Mozambique. She does not shrink from awful encounters and dreadful sights, from the leper colony in the Gambia and from the children dying of AIDS in eastern Africa.

She became President of the Fund 18 years ago and, as her family advised, concentrated her efforts on this and one other charity, Riding for the Disabled. A fact which mostly goes unnoticed is her large number of engagements for The Save the Children Fund in this country where about a third of the charity's work is conducted. "People think I spend my whole time abroad," she says.

Much of the coverage of the royal family is about illusion, appearance and image. These are needed to propel the plot of the grand soap opera. But the fact is that the Princess Royal has achieved much for The Save the Children Fund and she deserves the credit for it. Over the last few years the income of the Fund has risen from £8 million to about £37 million a year. She insists that this was due to the sudden awareness about the Third World after the Ethiopian famine; however, the charity believes it is just as much due to her visible involvement.

It is a pity that people connected with the Fund are constrained by discretion from talking about her role. For aside from the considerable knowledge that she has built up over nearly two decades, her directness and clarity about Third World problems are particularly effective when dealing with Third World leaders; water supplies are suddenly laid on, roads and health facilities rapidly brought into existence by bureaucrats who have been the subject of her unflinching gaze.

Speed, however, is not always possible nor, in fact, desirable, but her manner keeps both foreign bureaucrats and charity workers on their toes. One of the latter was quoted by the *Daily Mail* during the Upper Volta visit in 1984, the coverage of which seems to have done as much as anything to establish the "new role"

of the Princess Royal. "She can still put you down pretty sharply even if it's just in fun. You can bounce in and say 'It's lovely to see you again, ma'am!' and she will turn round and reply, 'Oh, really? why?' It can floor you until you realise she is joking. But we would forgive her anything because she really is a damn good president."

She is, of course, the great discombobulator of the royal family. She especially enjoys unsettling garrulous and too-familiar interviewers by challenging their assumptions and their questions. Although the cards are obviously stacked in her favour, it is a sport that

Her Royal Highness finds the process of being photographed an inexcusable bore

goes down well with the public, who regard it as evidence of her straightforward, no-nonsense personality.

She is not especially witty but she is extremely quick. In this interview she pounced on a rather unhappy sequence of questions. There were two relating to child care in the United Kingdom and the appalling figures of child abuse. They were followed by what was intended to be a change of direction and a question about her own children Peter and Zara. "Oh, you think I abuse my children, do you?"

Meeting the Princess does have its pleasures, though. She is attractive—she has an exceptionally fine complexion and a permanent twinkle—and she is intelligent. She has become astute at spotting questions that may lead her to difficult areas, which are dismissed with "I think that's pretty irrelevant really, don't you?"

Thus she reacted to questions about Ulster, her family and one which implied that she would make as good a monarch as any one of the male heirs to the throne.

On a previous occasion she did answer the last. She was asked during an interview with an Australian radio station whether she was irritated that her brothers (now joined by her nephews) were ahead of her in the line of succession. "I suppose my feelings have always been somewhere between fairly irritated and very, very grateful."

She is also extremely good at missing the point and effectively blocked a question about her religious beliefs: had her convictions changed as a result of witnessing such misery? Instead of answering this she talked at length about the beliefs of The Save the Children Fund workers. It is not, of course, a particularly perilous area for her, but it is simply a subject that one does not talk about.

Her views, which are almost precisely those that would be voiced round any country landowner's dinner table, are uncomplicated and rarely diluted by qualification. In this she differs from the Prince of Wales who needs little encouragement to display his doubt; in fact, he probably feels it to be a virtue.

So when the Princess Royal opened an international conference in London on AIDS by saying that the disease was a "classic own goal by the human race... a self-inflicted wound that only served to remind *homo sapiens* of their fallibility," she expressed what most people more or less felt about it. The Terence Higgins Trust, the leading AIDS charity, may have been exasperated, but their pleas that the disease was a virus and was nobody's fault went virtually unheard.

The Princess Royal's popularity will increase because she is fundamentally British. She displays all the qualities and forthrightness of the women that organised the British Raj in India. She says that she will probably continue with the work she has chosen and spend as much time with her family and her horses as possible. Later on, one imagines, she will develop into an extremely fierce old woman. ■

THE ROYAL INTERVIEW

ILN Were there any special problems that you saw on your recent visit to Uganda, Mozambique and Somalia? Did anything in particular strike you as helping your understanding?

HRH The particular problem Mozambique and Uganda have which is pronounced there is the lack of internal security. Uganda has only recently recovered from being a war-zone; parts of it were totally devastated in terms of human habitation, schools and hospitals. Families were dispersed round the countryside. In Mozambique there is another problem. They have no military resources to withstand the destructive activities of the bandits. And it will continue to be a problem for some time yet. Health and educational problems that we can help with over the long term are largely aggravated by this lack of internal security: we simply cannot establish long-term projects very satisfactorily.

ILN Is most of this complicated work?

HRH No. You have to start at the bottom. In terms of infant mortality you can start with basic hygiene and basic health care which can make a great difference. In places like Uganda, these did once exist. They have more or less crumbled away into nothing, but there are trained people who could go back into the system, given the opportunity and the backing. They have not got the resources to do so yet.

ILN Uganda is in fact very fertile and therefore rich?

HRH Yes, potentially it is very rich agriculturally.

ILN How big a problem is AIDS in Uganda? Did you see much of its effects... many victims?

HRH Yes, AIDS is a problem. Uganda has been much more open about it. They are going to need help to cope with it. Yes, it's a big problem. Like many other countries in Africa, Uganda has different lifestyles and different habits. But it is very much a trunk route which means the disease spreads... and it is also a tourist route... I'm sorry to say.

ILN During your time at The Save the Children Fund the income has risen enormously. Does your presence help this?

HRH Well, I think it's more to do with the Ethiopia and Somalia crisis. We leapt from £8 million to about £36 million overnight after all that publicity.

ILN You must now be as qualified as any policy maker at The Save the Children Fund, certainly as knowledgeable?

HRH No. The SCF is very specialised so I don't get to see all the problems. It is certainly true that often problems are not given the attention they deserve by ministers involved. In that sense if you really attract the attention of people in the ministries concerned as to what is

going on on the doorstep then I think you know it can be useful in long-term development.

ILN Do you find it hard not to be able to concentrate on one thing satisfactorily? You seem to do so much, you are involved with so many charities.

HRH That was always going to be a problem but the advice I was given when I started was to concentrate on one or two charitable institutions that I could get to know really well. This is what I think I have done through The Save the Children Fund and the Riding for the Disabled. The links that came thereafter came from both those two institutions: there are lateral connections between other organisations and interested parties, particularly with the Riding for the Disabled organisation which caters for every sort of disability and handicap. The variety is tremendous. But yes, of course one has not had the opportunity to follow one line, although what it would have been I do not know. But now I think the variety is a luxury, really, because you can see so many facets of life.

ILN To go back to Africa: Do you not find that your religious views have changed? Seeing so many people so unhappy?

HRH No. I don't think they have been affected. If you look at India I'm not sure that people are clearly unhappy. People say how depressing it must be to see children in those conditions. But you do see them playing and laughing and waving at you. If they have one meal a day, as far as they are concerned that is probably doing quite well because it fills them up. It may not be the right stuff. Their ability to enjoy themselves in their surroundings is just as good for any child, but it's relative.

In that sense your question about religious views... I don't think is relevant: in that sense the Christian religion has stood the agencies in very good stead. The churches themselves have areas of work which they might not necessarily be proud of now, but that is only with hindsight. But we have learnt a lot. The basic Christian principles had led people to want to help people and not just push them around. Those principles are still very good ones.

The Fund's work has always been neutral and non-denominational and it will always take people as they find them and help them in the best way they can with the co-operation of the people's ideas. I mean, I'm not a theologian so I don't necessarily think of it in that sense. The point of the exercise is to be as pragmatic as possible—but above all to train people appropriately. That's the critical thing.

ILN Do you enjoy it?

HRH I don't think enjoy is a word you would use. People want to contribute something and the level of satisfaction they gain from the job is large. So I wouldn't use the word enjoy.

ILN What about British activities of The Save the Children Fund?

HRH I still find people who do not know that the Fund works in the UK. It's the relative importance the media gives to that work. Last week I was in Manchester at the prison for the opening of a prison visitors' centre. Before, the wives and children of prisoners had to wait for up to three hours outside the wall.

ILN How does the UK work differ?

HRH Well, it is very different. I find that our sophisticated medicine and structures sometimes miss out on the basics. We miss out on preventive medicine and community medicine rather more than we ought to.

ILN What about the crisis in children's care? The NSPCC figures say that up to 200 children are killed each year. Do you think this is a sign of deep malaise or that it is merely a sign of awakened interest?

HRH I think it is a bit of both. I'm sure it's not new. There was certainly an element of the taboo so we didn't know about what was going on. I have a suspicion, though, that the breakdown in the family structure has allowed it to become worse. There is no longer that large family. It would not have been so easy to treat children in that way. Of course, the children may have been abused in other ways. They may have had to go out to work, but I don't really know enough about the figures involved. But it is a problem and the Fund sees it, but we don't get involved because there are other agencies better equipped.

ILN Now what about your own children?

HRH You think I abuse my own children do you? (laughs)

ILN Um, no, Ma'am. I meant, do you have any special hopes for them?

HRH No, not at this stage. I want them to make use of the educational processes and do as well as they can and just give them the scope to have a reasonably broad outlook on life.

ILN There is a perception that you have reformed your image. Is this true?

HRH Well, I don't think I've changed—well, you will see if you look backwards over the passage of time that I've been doing the same things for quite a long time. There was a curious moment when a slightly different element of the media came on one of the trips—what you might call the popular press. Even now a lot of people think I spend all my time abroad. The only other time the media sees me is on a racehorse or a horse. So the media thinks these are the only two things I do. It used to be only: she rides horses. So I suppose we have improved marginally.

ILN Do some of your duties bore you?



HRH No, I think there are days which are slightly more interesting than others. You have to keep an open mind and you always learn something you did not expect. I never know what to expect.

ILN There are more members of the royal family and others have got older. Does it mean the duties will be more evenly distributed?

HRH That's a good question. They are beginning to get into a new area because there are more members of the family available than there have ever been before, certainly on the basis of official functions. . . I don't know how they will approach that problem. But things are changing. There are members of the family who will go into career structures that would not have been available in the past: the situation will certainly change then.

ILN Is that a good thing?

HRH Oh, sure it's a good thing ●

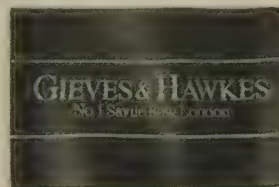
The Princess Royal at Umballa, a Save the Children camp in northern Sudan, in December, 1985. She was inspecting a successful feeding programme of children and of orphans from Ethiopia and Somalia a year after famine had stricken this part of eastern Africa. She also inspected leprosy treatment. She stayed in a mud hut for two nights, having been driven a considerable distance by Jeep from a remote airfield

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BIG BANG UNEARTH LONDON'S RICH PAST

Not since the end of the Second World War, when London's bomb sites revealed unexpected glimpses of buried archaeological treasure, have archaeologists enjoyed such unrivalled opportunities as now exist to unearth evidence of the capital's antiquity. Forty years ago a lack of money and resources, and the rapacity of developers, restricted adventure. Now, by welcome irony, the redevelopment of the City after Big Bang offers a chance to make amends. Modern developers, conscious of good public relations, are prepared to stay their hand, at least temporarily, and even spend several million pounds sponsoring digs, so important are the new discoveries.

The Museum of London, which undertakes most archaeological investigations in the capital, is currently investigating 30 sites in the City and Greater London, and writing up the results of 100 more. More than 300 of its archaeologists are assembling a remarkable picture of London which challenges many old assumptions.

Exciting evidence emerging from excavations near the National Gallery and in Bedfordbury, Covent Garden, sheds new light upon the Dark Ages of the seventh to ninth centuries. It appears that between the present Trafalgar Square and Ludgate there existed a major

trading centre now identified as "Lundenwic", the Middle Saxon name for London. Farther eastwards, on the site of the old Royal Mint at Tower Bridge, an



A 16th-century AD bellarmine jar discovered at the Platform Wharf excavation at Rotherhithe

office development has uncovered a 14th-century Cistercian abbey, as well as 1,000 skeletons of plague victims interred in an earlier cemetery. Nearby a mansion was discovered that belonged to Sir John Fastolf, possibly the Shakespearean model of Falstaff.

But there could be no more thrilling find than that of Roman London's amphitheatre on the site of the new Guildhall art

gallery—originally a place of military parades and such public entertainments as gladiatorial combat. The subject of great speculation over the centuries, but never identified, its location is a vital addition to Londinium's street-map and helps indicate the size of its population.

The archaeological bonanza of the past two years has so far yielded at least a million valuable objects. But the scope of "rescue archaeology" must be balanced against the pressing needs of the developers. London is exempt from the powers of English Heritage to declare an area of archaeological interest. For the moment, the good will of developers and local authorities continues. But more time and money are still required.

In the following pages we present the definitive account of these rich finds. In the first article, the Museum's chief archaeologists, **Brian Hobley** (City) and **Harvey Sheldon** (Greater London), survey the extraordinary discoveries that enable us to begin to reconstruct life in Roman Londinium, Saxon Lundenwic and medieval London. In the second, **John Maloney** (City Excavations Officer) gives the first full account of the most recent excavations at Guildhall, where spectators are again flocking, as they did two millennia ago, to the Roman amphitheatre.



A Roman burial,

probably dating to the third and fourth centuries AD, excavated from a site in Mansell Street

The City of London is nearly 2,000 years old. Not long after the Roman invasion in AD 43, the international port was established which began the City's long commitment to business and trade. Today Greater London extends over 600 square miles, but the City's origins lie on the Thameside just downstream of London Bridge, close to the Wren Monument. There, around AD 50, the Roman authorities began building a new settlement on an open site—Londinium, the capital-to-be of the new Roman province of Britannia.

The evidence of the first London is found between 10 and 30 feet below modern streets. This depth has protected the earlier archaeological remains from disturbance by the later building of wall foundations and cellars. Thus we have a fuller picture of 400 years of Roman occupation than of succeeding centuries of Saxon, Viking, Norman and medieval occupation up to the Great Fire of London in 1666, when much of the archaeological record was destroyed by more recent building.

A surprising 25 per cent of early London seems to have survived intact, so that archaeologists can still reconstruct the past in a meaningful way. Hence, since 1974, every site with archaeological deposits has been investigated—400 in all. Each can be seen as a piece of a three-dimensional historical jigsaw puzzle. Where the key pieces of Roman, Saxon and medieval London survive, all well and good. However, after 15 years of intense excavation and research, we realise that vast gaps in our knowledge remain, while our true understanding of early London is just beginning.

It is on the Thameside waterfront that the most spectacular discoveries have been made, revealing the basis of the rapid economic expansion of early Roman London. Undoubtedly, the finds at Pudding Lane, close to the Wren Monument, showed the intensity of its early commercial growth, for by AD 100 an impressive series of massive timber quays had been built north of the present Thames Street. Nearby were warehouses holding trade goods—Samian pottery, and wine and imported food stored in large amphora jars, which were traded through Britain. The Samian pottery (fine, reddish-brown earthenware) represents one of the largest groups of Antonine-Severan Samian ware (dating to the second half of the second century AD) ever found—nearly 200 kilograms and about 300 vessels in mint condition.

Beyond the waterfront a series of sites has fleshed out our picture of early Roman London. Outstanding among these is the great early second-century civic centre, the basilica and forum: a combined town hall, market and shopping centre. Here would be found the focus of local government and trade for London and its immediate hinterland. This prestigious centre covered eight acres—the largest known Roman building north of the Alps. It was most certainly built on the orders of that great traveller and builder, the Emperor Hadrian (AD 117-138), to accelerate the commercial revival of London. Although 19th-century building brought much piecemeal information, the great breakthrough for modern archaeology came only in 1986, with the excavation of a large site at the east end of the great basilica. This huge building, equal to St Paul's

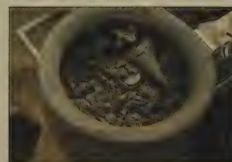


Cathedral in size, dominated the skyline on the crest of the city's eastern hill.

Work on this site confirms that early in the second century AD the earlier, smaller development was replaced by a greatly extended forum. The huge scale of this building reflected the growing importance of London, as well as Roman confidence in that growth; and it served as a magnificent monument to civic pride. Elsewhere in London during the late first and early second century, building work went on at a great pace. These were the economic boom years.

As in other periods of prosperity, London expanded and exerted an influence over the surrounding countryside. Clearly the people who moved away from London were wealthy and felt safe from attack. The second-century villa discovered recently in the London borough of Sutton some 10 miles from Londinium was probably owned by a family that controlled the surrounding farmsteads. It was almost certainly an estate in the modern sense which relied partly on what it produced but also on its proximity to a great port.

Much work has been done near the Roman city in order to find out more about the immediate environs of Roman Londinium. An extensively built-up suburb of the Roman city lay across the Thames on the Southwark bank. Though remains of many Roman buildings have been found during the past decade, it has been difficult to establish much about their use. An exception to this may be the rich and



Top, watercolour reconstruction of Roman London. Left, medieval waterfront revetment at Trig Lane. From the eastern Roman cemetery: above centre, German mediaeval heater, AD 150-250; above, pot of cremated bones

extensive stone-walled complex found on the Southwark waterfront beneath the medieval palace of the Bishop of Winchester.

Among the discoveries were a magnificent second-century wall-painting, unique in Britain, showing an adult Cupid standing beneath garlanded columns, and parts of an early third-century inscription from an adjacent bath-suite apparently listing men by regiment. This could reveal that the building was for the use of soldiers attached directly to the Governor's office for duties connected with provincial administration.

It was common Roman practice to bury the dead beyond the limits of the built-up areas and, in the past, many discoveries of coffins, cremations and accompanying grave goods had been made south, west and east of the city. Disappointingly little specific information had been recovered with the objects, and it has for long been thought that the cellars of Victorian buildings had destroyed all that remained.

But now that modern redevelopment has spread to the area of the eastern cemetery, beyond the Minories, this has been shown not to be the case. In the last few years upwards of 300 inhumations and a smaller number of cremations have been recovered from half a dozen sites in the Mansell Street area. The burials are distributed along the line of a previously unknown Roman road running south-east, apparently from within the city, west of Aldgate down to the river at Shadwell. They are by far the largest Roman period group excavated within the London area, and should provide valuable indications both as to

the physical characteristics of the population and of burial ritual.

The boom years based on international trade, collapsed when London's role as the principal port and trading centre for the province declined. It is not known why this happened but it seems to have occurred in about AD 150. Excavations to the west of the Walbrook have shown that from this date the crowded shops and houses were widely abandoned. Here and elsewhere premises were replaced with, when necessary, more luxurious, non-commercial buildings. The function of London had changed from being a business centre to a provincial capital.

Before the great decline of Roman civilisation in Britain there were a number of revivals. The slump, as it were, of circa AD 150 was followed by renewed activity between AD 190 and AD 220 when a two-mile city wall was built. Massive quays were also constructed just downstream of London bridge. But if there was a new commercial start it was short-lived, because a defensive wall was put up in AD 260 effectively cutting off the quays from their warehouses and the city.

Within the city, whose walls enclosed an area of 330 acres, the expansion and growth so confidently presaged by the earlier forum did not materialise. Many extensive areas, especially to the east immediately behind the wall, saw little, if any, development. A soil deposit known as "dark earth" began to accumulate. This deep, extensive layer represents cultivation



ALAIN LE GARSMEUR

Excavation of the medieval (10th-16th century) Bermondsey Abbey. Archaeologists are scraping a fence line with plasterers' leaves

of the land—the growing of crops and then the burning of the stubble in the autumn. It shows that cultivation was carried on inside the city, and this distinctive archaeological deposit often covers early Roman building sites.

Thus recent work has shown the contrast between the commercial activity intensive in the first and second centuries and in decline in the third and fourth. In this later period, though the city still had status and wealth, it was smaller in size, had fewer buildings and more open space. Its walls, however, continued to play an important part right up to the collapse of civic administration following the official Roman withdrawal from Britain in AD 410. But after that the site of the city was apparently abandoned and remained so perhaps even into the sixth century. Its walls and gates survived, but the courses of the original streets between the gates were largely lost.

Archaeological evidence for urban life in the two centuries following the breakdown of Roman rule in Britain is as difficult to come by in London as it is elsewhere. Nevertheless, with

the conversion of England to Christianity at the end of the sixth century, the growing power of the Saxon kings, the development of trade and the growth of market centres in the seventh century, more material might be expected.

As exciting as some of the Roman finds is the discovery of the important Saxon development west of the City in the area now occupied by Covent Garden. Here, a series of redevelopments have provided important opportunities for excavation. It is clear that the Saxon town known as Lundenwic (the mid-Saxon name for London) was a thriving, well organised place which had links with most commercial centres on the Continent. Traces of timber buildings, pits, wells and ditches have been found. There is also evidence of weaving and metalwork while the pottery finds include imports from France, Rhineland and the Low Countries.

These findings support the suggestion that the heart of Lundenwic was situated on what is now the Strand, which was then a wide beach

sloping down to the Thames. The settlement appears to have lasted two centuries (c AD 650-850) and was described by the Venerable Bede as “an emporium of many people coming from over land and sea”.

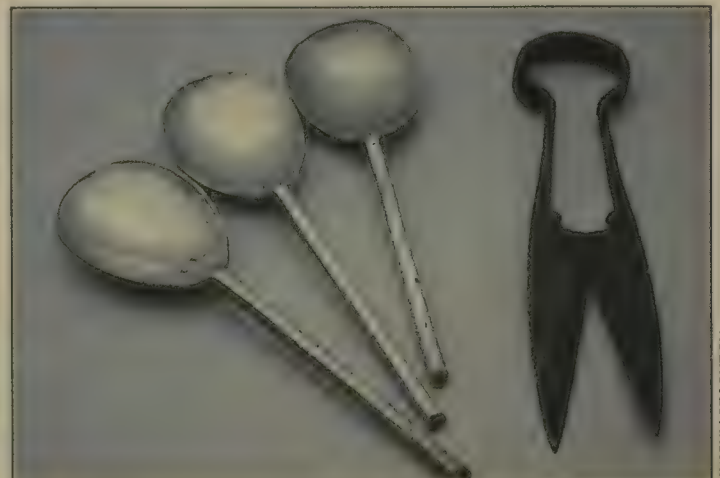
Why the Saxons set up their port to the west of the City, instead of occupying the City and utilising the then substantial Roman remains, is a mystery. Not until King Alfred reoccupied the site in 886 (and issued a coin to commemorate the occasion) did the population make use of the ancient defences.

With many Roman buildings still standing, though ruinous, it would have had a distinctly “blitzed” appearance; and so he set about rejuvenating it. A harbour and market were established at Queenhithe, and streets laid out there and in the Billingsgate area. Trade was the basis of the new settlement, exactly as it had been for its predecessor on the Strand. And at Queenhithe today the highly characteristic indentation in the riverline echoes the position of Alfred's harbour. In the main, however, the rebuilding of the walled city appears to date




ALAIN LE GARSMEUR

14th-century Rose Window of Winchester Palace, Southwark



MUSEUM OF LONDON

Tudor spoons and shears from Sir John Falstolf's mansion, Southwark



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from the mid-10th century, with the laying out of most of the later pattern of streets and with the earliest occupation of adjoining plots of land above the late Roman dark earth.

Redevelopment in Kingston-upon-Thames and Southwark has also given us the chance to examine two of London's most important medieval urban settlements, vital in the communications network because they were the only places where the Thames was bridged. In Kingston a flint-and-chalk-built undercroft, probably belonging to a 14th-century merchant's house, has been found near the 13th-century stone bridge. Piers of the bridge as well as the approach road and timber waterfronts have been recorded. It has proved to be a very complex multi-phased structure which, like its more famous counterpart spanning the river between the city and Southwark, was replaced by a bridge marginally farther upstream early in the 19th century.

Indeed, remains of the famous London Bridge, built between the late 12th century and early 13th century, have been found in Southwark during the recent development of "London Bridge City, Phase 1". Excavations revealed the pier nearest the Southwark bank, with the wooden piles of its protective starling and a series of repairs, rebuildings and widenings which took place during the 700 years of its history. Beneath it lay an 11th-century timber pier, probably belonging to a Norman predecessor of the bridge.

An important feature of medieval Southwark was the large number of grand town-



Imported glass vessel, third century AD, found accompanying a Roman burial at Tenter Street

houses belonging to the lay and ecclesiastical nobility near the court and city. One, the urban palace of the Bishop of Winchester, in whose diocese Southwark lay, stood upstream of the bridge near the river. Excavations here have revealed parts of the inner and outer courtyard buildings, and confirmed the early 13th-century

date of the Great Hall, whose Rose Window survives. Structures to the south of the hall may have been part of an earlier palace.

Further imposing residences lay downriver of the bridge between Tooley Street and the river. One moated complex has recently been revealed during the second phase of the "London Bridge City" redevelopment and is still under excavation. This might prove to be the mansion erected in the 14th century by Sir John Fastolf (d 1459), who probably inspired Shakespeare's great creation.

An exciting discovery of another earlier residence has recently been made farther downriver at Rotherhithe. It was known from documents that Edward III erected a house somewhere here in the mid-14th century, but its exact location was "lost".

Now trial work at Platform Wharf, near the river, has located the massive stone foundations of a rectangular moated enclosure, with a tower at the north-west corner. The external walls survive remarkably well, and further excavations with the aim of fully investigating and then preserving the buildings will begin shortly. Not only is this moated enclosure expected, but documentary evidence would suggest that riverside wharves to the north, and a secondary moated enclosure to the south, might also form part of this complex.

Much has been revealed by rescue archaeologists about the early history of London. The work will need to continue, probably at a more frantic pace, as there is little sign that redevelopment is slackening ●

FUN AND GAMES IN ROMAN LONDON

Blood sports took place on the Guildhall site. John Maloney reports on the new-found Roman amphitheatre and its role as a modern public spectacle

The events which led to the discovery of Roman London's amphitheatre contain many of the elements of a well-crafted detective story. Observation and recording based on partial evidence initially resulted in misleading inferences being drawn. But vital clues were uncovered in the penultimate chapter—in this case, the last two weeks of an eight-month-long excavation—and the "plot" (ground-plan) was dramatically revealed. With the benefit of hindsight, previously obscure clues become all too obvious. But investigations continue, and the last chapter has yet to be written.

The remains of the amphitheatre have been unearthed on the site of the former Guildhall Art Gallery, a grand Victorian building erected in 1886 on the east side of Guildhall Yard. That building was bombed in 1944, and within its shell a "temporary" art gallery was built which was not demolished until 1987. When the

Museum of London's Department of Urban Archaeology (DUA) was notified of the intended redevelopment, with basements at a greater depth than before, a survey of the archaeological potential was made. It was predicted that below the basement levels of the Victorian building two metres or more of archaeological remains might be found, including the foundations of the medieval Guildhall Chapel. Since the depth of the proposed basement would certainly remove all the archaeological evidence for the history of the site, the DUA negotiated with the Corporation of London to "rescue" this part of the City's heritage. The Corporation agreed to a four-and-a-half month excavation and to provide nearly £100,000.

A team of 10 to 15 archaeologists, under the direction of Nick Bateman, began investigating the site in July last year after the post-war building had been demolished. As they ex-

pected, they discovered the foundations of the medieval chapel. These might have been listed for preservation but fortunately the Corporation opted for a full archaeological recording of the chapel foundations. If it had decided otherwise the amphitheatre would probably not have been recognised.

The team began to discover that interesting deposits existed at twice the depth expected. There was some disturbance caused by medieval construction but it was realised that there were Roman remains although it was not clear what they represented.

The breakthrough came at the southern part of the site where more intact Roman remains were found some six metres below Guildhall Yard. Notable was a shallow curved wall more than one metre wide and 10 metres long which clearly extended beyond the limits of the site. This wall enclosed an area of compacted gravels laid to form a surface, and had a well-made

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doorway with a threshold formed by two substantial blocks of stone which gave access to a small chamber on the other side of the wall from the gravels. It was obvious that part of a major Roman building had been found, but it was not clear what its function had been.

As we were close to our time-limit, a large earth-moving machine was hired in order to remove a bulk of earth supporting massive medieval foundations which tantalisingly enveloped a series of protruding and well-preserved Roman timber planks. Together with a large groundbeam which had complex joints in its upper face, this rare survival of part of a timber structure some 1,900 years old held out the exciting prospect of uncovering what was perhaps the floor of a Roman building.

Nick Bateman and his team were able to investigate strategically important areas for missing pieces of the jigsaw. It was soon realised that the Roman plan emerging on the north side of the site seemed to match that on the south.

Abruptly, the missing pieces fell into place, and suggested a distinctive part of an amphitheatre, a ceremonial entranceway. The long, curved stretch of wall was recognised as part of the internal wall of the amphitheatre which surrounded the gravel surfaces of the arena and supported the tiered banks of seats for spectators. The entrance-way consisted of two parallel walls, at right angles to the arena wall, forming a "tunnel" seven metres wide which passed under an archway sprung from two large buttresses before emerging into the arena.

Flanking the entrance-way were two small chambers, each with doorways opening out onto the tunnel and through the curved wall into the arena. The chambers may have served as shrines (perhaps to the goddess of retribution, Nemesis, who was particularly venerated by gladiators), where participants in the entertainments awaited their turn. The timber "platform" turned out to be the planks of the roof of the main drain, which was aligned east-west on the long axis of the amphitheatre, passing beneath the tunnel and doubtless eventually passing into a tributary of the Walbrook.

As the arena surface lay within a hollowed-out area, special care was taken over drainage. On the inside of the arena wall, closely following its curve, was a wide, shallow "gutter" lined with timber planks. This collected the groundwater running off the arena surface and presumably directed it into the main drain.

Large timber threshold beams have also survived and, of the three beneath the arch leading into the arena, one still has the metal pintle (the pivot for a large gate). Large post-pits sealed below the surface of the southern chamber, and hefty timbers beneath the uppermost surfaces of the arena, apparently represent earlier structures, possibly a timber precursor of the amphitheatre, or perhaps buildings demolished to make way for its construction.

As the site was waterlogged, the timberwork is exceptionally well-preserved, and it should provide important dating evidence through dendro-chronological sampling (the measurement of annual growth rings in trees). Coins so far recovered from the arena range in date from

the late first/early second centuries to the fourth century AD.

It was fortunate that such a representative part of the amphitheatre was discovered. The arc of the elliptical wall was now sufficiently revealed to allow the full extent of the arena to be calculated. Internally, it was an oval some 70 metres by 50 metres. The external wall has not yet been located, but stretches of wall recorded two years ago on a site to the south appear to mark its position and a size externally of approximately 130 metres by 110 metres. If correct, this would make Londinium's amphitheatre as large as any known from Roman Britain, though not as large as many of those on the Continent.

Given its proximity to the Roman "Cripplegate" fort, it is likely that the arena served as a *ludus* for military drills, parades and displays. Its primary civic function was undoubtedly as a place of entertainment connected with public holidays and celebrations. Entertainments in the Roman period ranged from wrestling, boxing, acrobatics and juggling to blood sports such as animal fights and gladiatorial combats. Animal fights easily staged in Britain would have included bull-fighting, bear-baiting and those involving wild boars. The importation of

Abruptly, the missing pieces fell into place, and suggested a distinctive part of an amphitheatre

exotic wild animals, like elephants, tigers, lions, rhinoceroses, giraffes and hippopotamii which were brought to the Colosseum in Rome from all over the empire and beyond, may have been prohibitively expensive.

That nastiest of blood-sports, human combat, usually to the death, could also be expensive to stage. One "school" of professional gladiators apparently popular in first-century Britain included Petraites, Prudes, Proculus, Cocumbus, Spiculus, Columbus, Celamus and Holes; they are named and shown engaged in combat on glass cups, three of which have been found in London as well as at Colchester, Leicester, Wroxeter and other sites in France.

Inscriptions show that gladiators were popular and admired for their strength and bravery in the face of death. One such inscription from Leicester records that "Vercunda (Modesty), an actress (or dancer), loves Lucius the gladiator". A scrawl on a wall in Pompeii asserts that "Celaudus, the Thracian gladiator, is the girls' heart-throb", and suggests the sort of adulation bestowed on pop stars today. Similarly, amphitheatre crowds on occasion appear to have behaved like modern soccer hooligans when, as at Pompeii in AD 59, the local supporters and rivals from a neighbouring town rioted, people were killed, and shops had to be called in to restore order. The outcome of this unruly behaviour was that Pompeii was banned



from holding gladiator shows for 10 years.

The discovery of Roman London's amphitheatre is significant for a variety of reasons. Its location had long been speculated upon for it was inconceivable that the capital of the Roman province would not have had such a civic amenity. However, though the sites of many of Londinium's major public buildings were discovered long ago—including basilica/forum, two public bath-houses, the temple of Mithras, the "Governor's palace" and the Cripplegate fort—the amphitheatre remained unlocated. Although its location beside the Cripplegate fort now seems rather obvious—amphitheatres are commonly associated with forts—it had generally been assumed that it had been sited outside the city walls. Its discovery has filled a large gap in the known street-plan of Roman London. It is one of the few stone amphitheatres found in Britain, and contains many interesting details of construction and timberwork which rarely survive from the Roman period. As a place of general assembly, the seating capacity of the amphitheatre may indicate the size of Londinium's population.

Particularly intriguing is its relationship to the medieval Guildhall. Based on the projection of the likely extent of the amphitheatre, the Guildhall appears to lie directly over the central part of the north range of seating, in an area where a special box for important dignitaries—for instance, the Governor—may have been located. Almost opposite, the Church of St Lawrence Jewry is in a similar position. Its curious alignment appears to reflect that of the amphitheatre, and it is dedicated to a Christian martyred in Rome in AD 258 where public executions were often carried out in the Colosseum. While there is no evidence to prove that the existence of the amphitheatre influenced the siting of any of the medieval buildings in the area, it is remarkable that in Leake's map of 1667 the curving streets of Aldermanbury and Basinghall closely mirror the outline to west and east, respectively, of the amphitheatre.

Since its discovery there has been a constant stream of visitors to the site. Amphitheatres stir the popular imagination more readily than most other ancient monuments. Indeed, such spontaneous interest in an archaeological discovery in the City compares with that of the Temple of Mithras in 1954. Similarly, once again the question of preservation arises. Whereas the walls of the amphitheatre stand generally barely 0.3 metres above foundation level, if imaginatively displayed using special effects to re-create the atmosphere and spectacles of the period, it could prove as great an attraction and commercial success as the Jorvik Viking Centre at York. It remains to be seen whether the Corporation will give London's amphitheatre the thumbs up or down.

The amphitheatre site next to Guildhall (top right) during excavation, showing the curved wall enclosing the arena and the roof of the timber drain running along its main axis. As the arena surface lay within a hollowed-out area, drainage was important. The full extent of the wall was calculated at 70 x 50 metres

MAINTENANCE



IAIN WATSON

A room of my own

ONLY YESTERDAY IAIN WATSON FLEW TO THE STATES TO SHOOT THE PRESIDENT.

Iain is, what some circles like to call a 'Smudger'. His assignments, or shoots, take him all over the world - 200 countries so far.

He's a photographer. And in the glossy world of photography he's very successful.

A far cry from his earlier days he says, when he would whoop for joy if a snap simply came out. Then he owned a pretty sorry looking Box Brownie (and an old Bonneville in not much better shape). His rule: Point the camera and cross fingers lacked, as he put it, 'certain technical merit.'

Now, his style (like his transport) has become a little more sophisticated.

He is obsessed with things that catch his 'camera eye'.

His room, our Renault Espace, did just that.

His first sighting was on the south coast of France, Cannes. A captain was using it to ferry his entire crew of six from airport to seaport and back.

The notion stuck in his mind. Then one actually sailed past him on the M25 motorway.

'An antiques buff, judging by the six gilt Rococo chairs stacked in the back,' he said. 'I nearly choked. After all, the thing was no bigger than my saloon. If I'd seen it as a photo I'd have said it was a trick.'

One test drive later he discovered the 'trick'. The rear seats slid out at the flick of a lever. However, to his surprise he also found

the driver and front passenger seats could swivel round to face the others.* While the middle three folded into table tops. The car became a room.

He bought one. And now takes it on shoots whenever he can. It stood him in good stead only last year. He was due to shoot a fairly sizeable chunk of Africa. The rains, he was assured, would stop when he arrived - December the 20th, on the dot. The dot came and went. And a week's carefully planned shoot turned into a 'real lulu of a nightmare.' 'Still, I was lucky. A

assisted steering. The kids, Iain says, prefer the electric windows, hi-fi and twin sunroofs.

Recently though he bought the one you see here, the newer 2000-1. It has a bit more speed (111mph/120bhp) and a 'rather natty-looking seat trim'. We asked Iain if he would like to shoot himself at his favourite location. He chose Ceu Nant Marr (please don't try to pronounce it), in North Wales.

The journey up was pleasant enough. After the first 100 miles of effortless motorway driving we hit Wales. Still the Espace cruised around the hairiest of hairpin bends and wiry uncertain byways that our map had optimistically termed 'A' roads.

We arrived just before dusk. The shot was set up and in the car shortly after. (These professionals!)

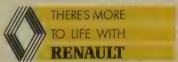
However, just for the record, he does have a personal favourite photo. A snapshot of his wife on their honeymoon.

'I find it difficult to talk about my pictures' he says. 'I hope they speak for themselves.'

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car that turns into a living room can be pretty useful.

From his room he's seen the wild plains of the Serengeti, the stark 'moonscape' of Monument Valley and the gentle rolling hills of the Cheviots. Some view from one room.

However his Georgian farm house, tucked away in the heart of Norfolk, fulfils anyone's dream of home.

He, Jill his wife, his 2 sons, 1 daughter, 4 dogs, 3 cats, 1 donkey and 12 ducks have been there 3 years.

His wife uses the Espace for the school run. She likes the power-

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Sacred Cow ALISTAIR COOKE

The golden-tongued broadcaster has built up a devoted following among Radio 4's listeners during more than 40 years on air. Gilbert Adair hears the dulcet tones, takes careful note and scrapes away some of the honey



Veteran journalist Alistair Cooke writes his weekly letters in longhand in his Fifth Avenue apartment overlooking New York's Central Park



Has anyone ever had an unkind word to say about Alistair Cooke? I seriously doubt it. Cooke, to be sure, became a BBC correspondent all of an amazing half-century ago (even more amazing is the fact that he is now an octogenarian) and his *Letter from America* has been broadcast virtually without interruption since 1946. So it may well be that, somewhere along the line, an occasional carping voice has been raised. Criticising him today, however, would be like criticising the Queen's Christmas message or like calling into question the institution of radio itself, an institution that for more than one listener continues to justify its existence in the video age by Cooke's weekly *Letters* alone.

In any event, what could there possibly be to criticise? Cooke is the quintessence of urbanity, suave without being unctuous, articulate without being overly "intellectual", and transatlantic in the very best sense of the word (his accent, one of radio's most evocative, is neither entirely American nor entirely English, even

less it is afflicted with the creepily Americanised, *hi-there-gals-and-guys!* twang of the deejay). As his legion of devotees would argue, he revives the lost art of civilised conversation every Friday evening at 9.30pm (repeated on the following Sunday morning at 9.15am) and belies Wilde's still pertinent paradox that Britain and the United States have everything in common save language.

Moreover, now well-nigh single-handedly, he keeps alive the idea of radio as the fragile lifeline of some unique, comfortingly avuncular voice, the voice of *someone out there* directly addressing the nation, whether it be Max Beerbohm or J.B. Priestley or Winston Churchill; the dated but not yet moribund idea that, rather than the trivialising medium of television, it is still radio (or wireless) that is best-fitted to convey the most significant and most solemn of communications: a declaration of war, for instance, or a royal abdication. (Think of one of those endearingly old-fashioned *Radio Times* covers, with the whole family gathered around the set, pyjama-clad

infants sitting cross-legged on the carpet, their parents' anxiety-clouded eyes, emancipated from the need to focus on the television screen, distractedly contemplating a flock of Peter Scott geese above the mantelpiece.)

But I digress, as Cooke himself might say in those enviably creamy tones of his. To return to *Letter from America*—I do not have the programme's listening figures at hand, but I should be not at all surprised to discover that those for its Sunday morning repeat slot were the more impressive of the two. On a Friday evening I would suspect that only a few hundred thousand full-time radio listeners are likely to be dutifully tuned in at 9.30; on a Sunday morning, by contrast, most of us, delightfully half-comatose, tend to be in a profound state of radio-receptivity or "radiopassivity" (as one says "radioactivity").

And perhaps in bed is the most appropriate place to listen to Alistair Cooke. For his principal asset as a broadcaster, surely, is what we call a wonderful bedside manner. He never raises his voice, never loses his cool and seldom

allows any strong partisan bias to ruffle his ambassadorial aplomb. Whatever catastrophe seems to loom on the geopolitical horizon, Cooke always contrives to make it sound containable. If he, after all, is able to contain it within a not too complicated, not too taxing, 15-minute span, then things, one begins to feel, cannot be as god-awful as they appeared before. And if that famous four-minute, pre-Armageddon warning were to be followed, not by prayer, but by a cluster of gracefully modulated, finely chiselled observations from Alistair Cooke on the whole unfortunate business of nuclear annihilation, we would, I think, quite happily accept being lulled into Kingdom Come.

In fact, there is a term for this style of discourse, a term that has become obsolete despite the fact that the phenomenon it defines has not: *belles-lettres*, or journalistic "fine writing". No, *belles-lettrisme* is not dead, even if there are no longer any *belles-lettristes* in Fleet Street. It has, appearances to the contrary, gravitated to radio and television. For what else are the nature

rambles, the intimate *conversaciones* (i.e. chat shows) and the sepia-stained evocations of "that last glorious summer preceding the First World War" (one of the great pathetic-nostalgic Arcadias of television period recon-

**He never raises his voice,
never loses his cool,
seldom allows any strong
partisan bias to ruffle his
ambassadorial aplomb**

struction) in which the small screen abounds, but contemporary mutations of the type of whimsical essay penned by Grub Street literati nearly a century ago, *The Adventures of a Farthing* and *A Stroll in the Strand*?

If the Georgian qualities of television, even BBC television, are increasingly camouflaged

by what one young producer described to me as the gradual "Channel 4-ification" of the medium, radio is not so very different from what it was in its pre-television days: concerts, talks, *Saturday-Night Theatre*, *The Archers*... and Alistair Cooke's *Letter from America*. And therein, I suppose, lies the programme's slightly faded, pressed-flower charm. At a time when the Atlantic air lanes have ceased to be, for many of us, off the beaten track, when young people in particular are almost more conversant in, more fascinated by, American culture than that of their own country, and when someone like Oliver North can achieve, then forfeit, the status of folk-hero (or villain) with the same rapidity here as in the States, Cooke's weekly fireside chats hark back to a cosier, more parochial and insular age when the continent of America had a semi-mythical, Technicolor-tinted reality that few of us expected ever to experience at first hand. He behaves, in short, as though Marshall McLuhan's "global village" never existed and as though satellites were the stuff of science-fiction.

So much for the medium. What about the message? But perhaps, in McLuhan's wake, the word ought to be "massage". For, like their immaculate delivery, the actual content of Cooke's broadcasts is designed principally to mollify and tenderise, leaving the status quo pretty much as it was. It is not that what he has to say (most recently, for instance, on the US election primaries; the dogged persistence with which, on the stumps, the Vice-President has been beating about the Bush, so to speak, over his involvement in the Iran-Contra affair; and the Broadway failure and success of, respectively, Caryl Churchill's *Serious Money* and Andrew Lloyd Webber's *The Phantom of the Opera*) is precisely devoid of interest or insight. Merely that, when one takes the trouble to listen with attention, it all rather reminds one of certain highly recommended and exquisitely prepared specialities in Chinese restaurants where the distinction between subtlety and insipidity becomes a fine one indeed.

Consider his talk on *Serious Money*, Churchill's award-winning satire of stock manipulation in the City, a play which is running still in the West End, whose original off-Broadway production was rapturously greeted by most of the New York critics but which was forced to close after only 10 days when it transferred to Broadway.

What is interesting about this particular talk (number 2036) is that, unusually for him, Cooke expresses some firmly held opinions—he takes sides. He leads off with a rambling,

fairly irrelevant commentary on *The Phantom of the Opera*, then describes the failure of *Serious Money* and the many reasons or rationalisations offered for its abrupt demise. These include the Equity-necessitated switch to a local (and, it is suggested, less able) cast; the common grouse of the American public's chronic frivolousness; and the complaint that, whatever incidental reservations they might have had, the critics should have rallied more energetically to one of the rare serious plays to be currently performed on Broadway.

At which point he makes a curious and intriguing comparison. He compares Churchill's drama with what he calls "the very solemn Expressionist plays of the late 20s" on which the curtain would rise "to show a row of characters in masks holding on to the straps of the Underground and swaying mechanically back and forth". This was meant, he says, "to show the bored and soulless life of the working classes. What it showed was how bored and soulless the author would feel if he were condemned to travel in the Underground" (the implication being that the poor old working classes do not know enough to feel bored and soulless). Today, he proposes, this pseudo-intellectual attitude has changed tack. A dramatist like Caryl Churchill invites us to look, not down, but up in horror—"to the mechanical life of the yuppies". So the instinct of the Broadway audience was sound, he continues,

as *Serious Money* is little else but "a crude sermon, caught up in the very thing it was supposed to be satirising"; and, reeling from the English production, Cooke himself admits to having departed briskly at the interval "into the comparative sanity and urbanity" (naturally) "of the Charing Cross Road".

It is, of course, perfectly legitimate to take issue with any play, no matter what its pretensions. Yet, even during a 15-minute talk, there ought to be time for a real argument to be formulated, rather than the mere exhalation of verbal heat, however low the burner. What Cooke does, though, again and again, is take the listener's own blurry notions of an event or a phenomenon or a personality, then smooth them out, align them in a sequence of nicely balanced and nearly witty sentences and simply play them back to him.

Thus: the American primaries are of a Byzantine complexity to defy mortal comprehension (true enough, but not exactly news); Mr Reagan has done some good things and some bad things (i.e. he is no better or worse than any other politician); and *Serious Money* reeks of highbrow self-righteousness (which is to say that no one need be ashamed of preferring *The Phantom of the Opera*).

Dulcet banality is banality nevertheless. Notwithstanding all that incontestable charm and urbanity, Alistair Cooke is a Solomon of received wisdom ●



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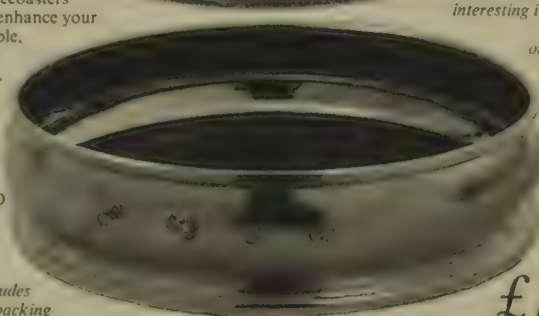


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DEATH BY PERSONS UNKNOWN

Murder between strangers is on the increase: in 1986 it accounted for almost one in four homicides in England and Wales. And the multiple murderer, from Peter Sutcliffe to Dennis Nilsen, is becoming as chillingly familiar as in America.

Kim Fletcher seeks a pattern of behaviour in the recent case of John Duffy, the London railway murderer. Lewis Chester examines the crime statistics to explain how murder is moving out of the home and onto the streets

John Duffy, said the people who did not know him well, was a polite man, a quiet and insignificant man, a shy, even childish, man. He sat impassively in the dock at the Old Bailey as they described him: his workmates, his employers, friends from the martial-arts club where he used to train.

Looking at him as he sat there, an acned, wiry, slight figure rendered even smaller by the warders on either side, you could understand how they could have got him so wrong. Except for the eyes, the dark eyes that burned below the pale brow and swept-back gingery hair.

Despite what those who thought they knew him said, there was little that was childish, polite or insignificant about the private John Duffy. This was the 30-year-old north London carpenter the jury were soon to find guilty of two murders and five rapes, though police, without evidence to convict, were sure he had killed a third woman and raped as many as 30. This was the man who, for four years, had brought dread to women who travelled on trains in north and south-west London, the man the Press had dubbed the "railway murderer", the "killer with the laser eyes". This was a man who had behaved, said Mr Justice Farquharson, like a "predatory animal".

It was a description that his long-suffering former wife, who knew better than anyone the private John Duffy, could recognise. She herself had felt the blade of one of his knives thrust against her stomach. Her John Duffy was a video-watching, martial-arts enthusiast obsessed with violence, who gained his sexual pleasure from tying her up and causing her pain; a man who boasted of raping a girl and asserted that all women "wanted it".

The criminal who provokes most fear, who



John Duffy and his former wife, Margaret

can paralyse a community, is the serial attacker. For four years, starting in the summer of 1982, Duffy carried out a series of rapes and then murders that were the subject of huge investigations by London and Surrey police. By 1984 there was such concern that the Met set up a special inquiry, code-named Operation Hart, to try to find the rapist who struck repeatedly at suburban railway stations.

After two fruitless years, just as Operation Hart was about to be shut down, detectives linked the rapes with two murders: Alison Day, 19, was tied up and killed and her body dumped in an east London river in December, 1985. Four months later Maartje Tamboezer, a 15-year-old Dutch schoolgirl, was killed in Surrey. Both victims were garrotted.

Having linked the crimes, police knew a lot about the criminal, not least from a remarkable profile prepared by a university psychology professor, David Canter, of Surrey University. He drew on evidence from crimes and victims to produce a description of a man that closely resembled Duffy when he was finally caught.

Canter worked out not only a reliable description of the rapist killer, by feeding descriptions into a computer to establish common features, but also the area in which he lived. He worked on the principle that everyone carries a highly individual map in his mind of the place in which he lives, based on the routes he takes. The pattern of crimes pointed to Duffy having a mental map of the capital with its apex—his home—somewhere around Camden, Kentish Town or the edges of Hampstead.

Canter was also able, by analysing the rapist's behaviour towards his victims, to give police remarkably accurate clues to his character and domestic circumstances. Here he differentiated between sex attackers who wished principally to degrade and inflict pain upon their victims and those who sought to establish some sort of relationship with them. The railway rapist appeared to come within the second category. He used violence and threatened his victims with a knife but was not, by the repulsive standards of such offenders, significantly brutal. He talked to his victims after the crime.

According to Canter, this suggested the rapist was not the sort of pathologically disturbed man whose condition would be obvious. He was more likely to be an apparently normal person in an unsatisfactory, long-term, childless and turbulent relationship.

From more conventional lines of inquiry,

police suspected from the way he killed his victims that the murderer practised martial arts and carried knives. They knew he had a blood group so rare that fewer than 2,000 men in the south-east shared it and they knew he had size four-and-a-half feet. He tried to destroy forensic evidence by ordering his rape victims to clean themselves with tissues he carried with him and by attempting to set fire to the bodies of the girls he murdered.

What police did not know was that colleagues investigating an accusation of rape that they had no reason to link with the railway assaults had interviewed a man called Duffy in August, 1985 and taken a blood sample from him. He was released on bail after appearing in court. Nor, when Duffy was arrested and again released in May, 1986 after being found in possession of a knife near a railway station, was any connection made.

It was not until July that the strands came together. Duffy was questioned. He refused to give blood samples and was released because there was not enough evidence to hold him.

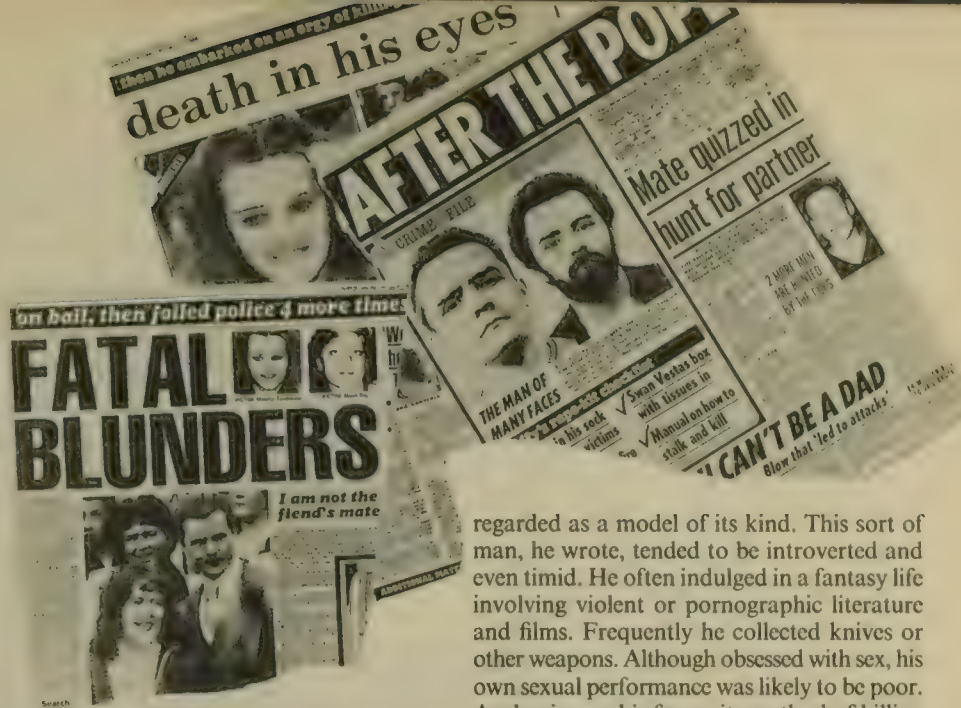
Duffy reacted by staging a bizarre attack on himself that he calculated would avoid further questioning. He told his friend Ross Mockridge, a man he trained with at a Kings Cross martial-arts class, that he was in trouble with a couple of men who were after him and wanted to stage a memory loss. Mockridge was to slash him across the chest with a razor.

They stood on a patch of wasteland at the back of the Royal Free hospital at Belsize Park and Mockridge, reluctant at first, slashed him. Duffy tore at the edges of the long wound across his chest, pulling it open, and told Mockridge to hit him on the head.

Duffy walked into West Hampstead police station, said he had been beaten up and claimed total loss of memory. He spent a month in a psychiatric wing and, after his release, raped a 14-year-old girl. This "loss of memory" was the only defence Duffy put forward when, in November, 1986, he was finally arrested and charged with a series of rapes and murders.

More than a year later, at the Old Bailey, a compelling account of life with John Duffy came from his former wife, Margaret. He was a carpenter, born in Dundalk, who had come to London with his parents. Margaret, a nursery nurse, met him at an ice-rink where she had gone with a girlfriend. Duffy and one of his friends were trying to attract attention by barging into other skaters. One of the girls he knocked down was Margaret and the two couples went for a coffee. Margaret did not like him much but started going out with him because her friend fancied the other one. She was 18 and Duffy was 21.

They married in 1980 and lived separately with their respective parents for a while because Margaret was too scared to confess what she had done. It was when they got their own flat that she began to realise who she had married. Duffy would spend hours in front of the television watching Kung Fu videos. "I preferred comedies," said Margaret. He trained with his knives, rehearsing the manual dexterity required to use a martial-arts butterfly knife. He took a bizarre interest in books about killing, torture and rape.



He started training seriously at martial-arts classes—though his instructors later said he never showed great promise—and, late at night, disappeared on "training runs". He was by now a very fit man, used to lifting weights, and Margaret would see him leave after 9pm, dressed in track-suit trousers, Adidas trainers and a bomber jacket. Often he would wear a woolly hat that pulled down into a balaclava.

Exactly where those runs took him can only be conjecture and police are convinced there were many attacks that were never reported by the victims. But for Margaret Duffy his temporary disappearances must have been a relief, for he was increasingly violent towards her.

She left him after four years, but a subsequent meeting encapsulated all that her life with him had been. She agreed to meet him at Hendon Underground station, near the home of her new boyfriend. Duffy took her to a park, punched her and threatened her with one of the butterfly knives he had spent so many hours learning to use. "Go on then, stick it in me," she said. But he did not stab her. They walked out of the park together, she convinced of the pointlessness of summoning help from passers-by, and he bought her a can of cold drink to put on her swelling eye. She caught a bus to get away from him, got off at the next stop and doubled back to her boyfriend's flat. But Duffy had outwitted her, got there at the same time and fought with the friend.

Margaret Duffy is not stupid. A plump, friendly-looking woman, she refused to be intimidated by Duffy's defence counsel in court and gave as good as she got. How could she have put up with someone like Duffy for so long? How could she have agreed to see him, knowing his violent predilections?

But depressing as it must have been, unthinkable as it sounds to the outsider, there are aspects of this domestic relationship that would be recognised in thousands of homes. There is nothing here that shows Duffy inevitably to be a murderer. The courts are full of stories of domestic violence, of lives led in front of the video recorder, of pornographic fantasies. What led Duffy to rape and murder?

In 1970 Dr Robert Brittain, an eminent pathologist and forensic psychiatrist, drew on his experiences to produce a "profile" of the typical, sadistic sexual murderer that is

regarded as a model of its kind. This sort of man, he wrote, tended to be introverted and even timid. He often indulged in a fantasy life involving violent or pornographic literature and films. Frequently he collected knives or other weapons. Although obsessed with sex, his own sexual performance was likely to be poor. Asphyxia was his favourite method of killing and he was unlikely to show remorse.

Duffy's details are similar in many respects: he was said to be polite. He practised martial arts, watched violent videos and read books that gave detailed descriptions of rape and assault. He had a collection of knives and other weapons such as spring-loaded coshes. He knew that a low sperm count made it unlikely he would father children and he seemed able to gain sexual satisfaction only by tying up his wife and treating her violently. His victims were strangled with a garrotte.

Some significance also emerges from the profile developed by Professor Canter. Looking at the rapist's behaviour, Canter surmised he was in an unsatisfactory domestic relationship. The truth of that became clear when Duffy was caught and details of his unsatisfactory sex life emerged. Some detectives on the case now believe it was the knowledge that he had a low sperm count—something he could perceive as a threat to his masculinity—that made him turn to rape. They point out that there were no rapes in the year Duffy and his wife attempted to conceive a child and that the rapes started again when his condition was diagnosed. This suggestion ignores the fact that police believe Duffy was raping before the diagnosis.

And why to murder? Duffy the rapist attacked as many as 20 women before he became Duffy the murderer. Then, brutal as the killings were, they did not appear to have been done in any sexual frenzy. Nor did they involve the sort of mutilation that is often associated with such attacks. He tried to burn his victims' bodies but that, it seemed, was aimed at escaping detection rather than achieving further, perverse satisfaction.

The killings came after police had questioned him as a rape suspect, reinforcing the view that it was the increasing possibility of capture that led Duffy to murder. He killed, in other words, to avoid detection for rape.

Given what he did, the simplest thing is to say Duffy was mad. Surely no sane person could rape and kill as he did. Alternatively he is evil. But there was no evidence that Duffy was suffering from any mental illness when he committed his crimes, and explaining his actions as evil does not in itself take us much further. Whatever made him do it, Mr Justice Farquharson's directive that he should serve at least 30 years appears to be the only guarantee he will not do it again ●



JOHN PILLEY/THE GARDEN STUDIO

MURDER AMERICAN STYLE

by Lewis Chester

For George Orwell the classic English murder had to be in the family, to be worth reading about in the Sunday newspaper. Ideally, it should involve persons of some social standing, a leading Nonconformist, perhaps, or a chairman of the local Conservative Party branch. There should be a woman, the object of a guilt-ridden passion, and the hint of a desirable legacy. The planning of the crime should be long and agonising, and the weapon, naturally, poison. The one type of murder he could not abide was that which occurred between people who were in no way acquainted. "Only interesting," he wrote dismissively, "from a sociological point of view."

Now murder between strangers, once almost insignificant—it accounted for fewer than one in 10 homicides 20 years ago—is booming. In 1986, the last year with complete statistics, almost one in four homicides in England and Wales involved victims who were strangers to their attacker.

London, by virtue of its size, is Britain's most murderous city. There were 210 homicides in the metropolis. There is no convincing explanation for the increase. Malcolm Ramsay, a

former civil servant with the Home Office Research and Planning Unit, who has charted the homicide rate going back to 1860, was relieved to conclude that the 1860s to mid-1880s period was more murderous than today. But we are fast catching up. Ramsay says: "Not all the ground gained since the mid-Victorian period has been lost. At least not yet."

Even advocates of capital punishment cannot derive any encouragement from the phenomenon. The latest swell in the homicide figures began before the abolition of hanging in 1965. The Ramsay figures also show that homicide fell dramatically in the early years of this century when methods of punishment remained unchanged. There seems to be good reason for supposing that murder flourishes, or declines, as a result of social factors largely unconnected with punishment.

Because the number of murders was relatively static for so long—from the 1900s to the 1950s—sociologists came to think of it as a crime apart, somehow unrelated to other crimes which were increasing dramatically.

Terence Morris, professor of sociology at the London School of Economics, still thinks this is

largely the case. He says: "It's still true that the overwhelming number of victims are related to their killers. Women are most at risk from their husbands. Kids are most likely to be killed by their parents. Drunks have to watch out for their drinking friends. And you could say that prostitutes—a high-risk group—are in a relationship with those who most endanger them, their clients. The bizarre murders that hit the headlines are a statistical deviation."

But that deviation is increasing. In the past decade three killers—Peter Sutcliffe in Yorkshire, Michael Ryan in Hungerford and Dennis Nilsen in London—have put multiple homicide on the map in a way that would have once been unthinkable.

There is a reasonable concern that we might be breeding a culture of a type more familiar in the United States, where murder by the lost and the alienated eclipses all other forms of homicide. The culture gap is closing, but still wide. In Britain one of the allegedly more comforting statistics is that you are three times as likely to be killed in a car crash as you are to be murdered. In New York it is the other way around. Black men in the city have a one in 20 chance of

1) John George Haig murdered six of his acquaintances in the late 1940s. A consummate fraudster, he killed for money, using an acid bath to dispose of bodies.

2) John Reginald Christie, necrophile and special constable, killed seven women from 1943 to 1953. His lodger Timothy Evans was hanged for one of the murders before Christie's cache of dismembered bodies was located.

3) Ruth Ellis was the last woman to be hanged in Britain. She shot her lover David Blakely, a racing driver, outside the Magdala Tavern in Hampstead in 1955.

4) Derek Bentley and Christopher Craig. Craig was 16, Bentley 18, when Craig shot a policeman in a Croydon warehouse in 1952. Craig was too young to hang so Bentley, despite public outcry, was executed.

5) In 1961 James Hanratty was hanged for the murder of Michael Gregsten in an A6 lay-by. Doubts about the verdict surfaced later when another guest at the Maida Vale hotel where Hanratty had stayed "confessed" to the crime.

6) Grahame Young, aged 13, killed his step-mother with antimony and arsenic at their Neasden home in 1963. Eight years later he poisoned two of his workmates in Bovingdon, Herts.

7) "Jack the Stripper" was responsible for the six "Nudes-in-the-Thames" murders in 1964. Never publicly named, he committed suicide as the police net was closing.

8) Harry Roberts, a small-time criminal, shot three London policemen while trying to avoid arrest in 1966.

He hid out in Epping Forest for three months before his eventual capture.

9) Kenneth Halliwell, the lover of brilliant playwright Joe Orton, was given to jealous rages. In 1967 he battered Orton to death at their Islington flat and then fatally stabbed himself.

10) The Kray Twins. Their violence peaked in the late 1960s when Ronnie shot George Cornell in the Blind Beggar in Bethnal Green. Reggie emulated his twin by disposing of Jack "The Hat" McVitie with a knife.

11) Geoffrey Hammond became infamous as part of a juvenile "queer-bashing" gang that roamed Wimbledon Common. In 1969 they murderously set upon Michael de Grunchy. Hammond, one of 10 accused, was just old enough to be named.

12) In 1974 a coroner's jury found the seventh **Earl of Lucan** responsible for killing Sandra Rivett, his children's nanny, mistaking her for his estranged wife. Lucan went missing and has never been found.

13) Dennis Nilsen, the civil servant and former trainee policeman, brought multiple murder to the suburbs of Cricklewood and Muswell Hill. His victims—12 from 1978 to 1983—were strangled, usually with a tie.

14) Kenneth Erskine, the Stockwell strangler, throttled seven pensioners in south London in a 15-week period last year. In January he was sent down for a record recommended minimum sentence of 40 years.

15) John Duffy raped and killed two women and raped at least five others. In February he was sentenced to seven life terms at the Old Bailey, of which he may serve 30 years.



dying through murder, higher than the chances of a US serviceman being killed in combat in the Second World War. In Miami murders by strangers and casual acquaintances are the stock crimes. In a recent study in the city, 88 per cent of known murderers had no relationship of blood or marriage with the victim.

Such killings seem to be in some way a consequence of a more agitated society. Studies of British murderers usually concluded by saying how unbelievably normal most of them were. A research study of 40 committed killers in Durham jail in the early 70s by the psychologist

Recent murder victims: above left, Carol Baldwin, whose body was found in a park near her Northampton home. She had been stabbed in the back. Amanda Hopkinson, above, was attacked in a lover's lane near Dartford, Kent, and died later in hospital

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Police search Dennis Nilsen's garden in 1983 in Melrose Avenue, Cricklewood—one of the two homes where he buried dismembered remains of his murder victims

Barry McGurk underlined the point: "In contrast to the notion that homicidal individuals are generally violent and anti-social people, there is an abundant amount of evidence to suggest that large numbers of homicides are non-violent and mild-mannered."

Some, however, are milder-mannered than others. A more ambitious study was performed in the United States by two criminologists, William C. Perdue and David Lester. They took two groups of murderers, 20 totally unrelated to their victims, and 20 who had killed kin, and subjected them to a battery of tests. Their heavily hedged but interesting finding was that: "Data suggest either a greater cathartic effect for murderers of kin as a result of their murder (since they appear calmer) or, alternatively, murderers of kin may have been healthier to start with (prior to murder)."

Since it can be presumed that cathartic effects are short-lived, it does appear that the killers of strangers are a more fundamentally disturbed group. The intriguing question for this country is why there should have been such a marked increase in the disturbed type in recent years. Sometimes the disturbance is political rather than psychological.

Over the past 15 years terrorists have made a distinct, if erratic, contribution to the murder figures. The peak was in 1974, the year of the Birmingham and Guildford bombings. There was another surge in the early 80s with the bombing outrages in Hyde Park and Regent's Park and the blast at Harrods which killed six, three of them policemen. Yet in most years the number of terrorist murders hardly rises above one per cent of the total. Nor has there been much increase in murders carried out as part of a theft, which often involves strangers. There were 39 such cases in 1986, compared with 33 at the end of the 60s.

"The use of the revolver by burglars was somewhat frequent," declared the report of the Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis—not for the 1980s but for 1882. There are many more guns about today but this does not



Michael Ryan, who ran amok in Hungerford last August with a semi-automatic rifle, killing 16 and injuring 14 people

seem to have seriously disrupted the murder pattern. During the 1980s the number of fatal shootings has been around eight per cent of total homicides, slightly less than it was in the mid 60s. Gangland killings rarely constitute more than one per cent of all murders.

Organised crime, while still a serious problem, particularly in London and Glasgow, cannot be said to be a prime contributor to the murder wave. In Scotland, where murder by strangers has been running at an even higher level than in England, the government statisticians have done some interesting work comparing occupational status of victims with that of the person accused of the crime.

In a country oppressed by unemployment it might be thought that a picture would emerge of the have-nots with their hands on the throats of the haves. In fact, despite the apparently random element of murder by strangers, the figures show that people have a tendency to murder and be murdered within their own social class. Thus professional men are most at risk from other professionals, artisans must

beware artisans, the unemployed have most to fear from other jobless, and even the disabled must watch out for the disabled. There was one exception to this pattern—no housewife was alleged to have killed another housewife.

There is nothing to suggest that women have any enthusiasm for killing strangers. Yet they cannot be mere onlookers of a crazy male game as they provide almost half the victims each year and are at risk from strangers and intimates alike. Most murders take place in the home.

Even so, the traditional idea of the family being the prime killing-ground needs some qualification. Two Canadian psychologists, Martin Daly and Margo Wilson, thinking it unlikely that man should be the exception among animals and not be better disposed towards blood or genetic kin, decided to sift the records on family homicide. In doing so they came across an extraordinarily high level of risk for the non-blood-related family members.

There are some indications that the pattern might be similar in Britain, though it is hard to be sure. Britain suffers in its approach to murder because there is not enough serious research going on. This is partly a legacy of the 60s and the great abolition debate when, for a while, the subject was one of almost obsessive interest. Once hanging was abolished the interest evaporated, leaving it a forlornly neglected subject even among criminologists.

When I asked an eminent criminologist what could be the reason for the increase in murders by strangers, he suggested terrorism and, "off the top of my head", the decanting of more mentally unstable people out of hospitals and into the community without sufficient care. But terrorism is statistically almost insignificant in terms of the trend, and the liberated mental patients theory does not seem to wash either.

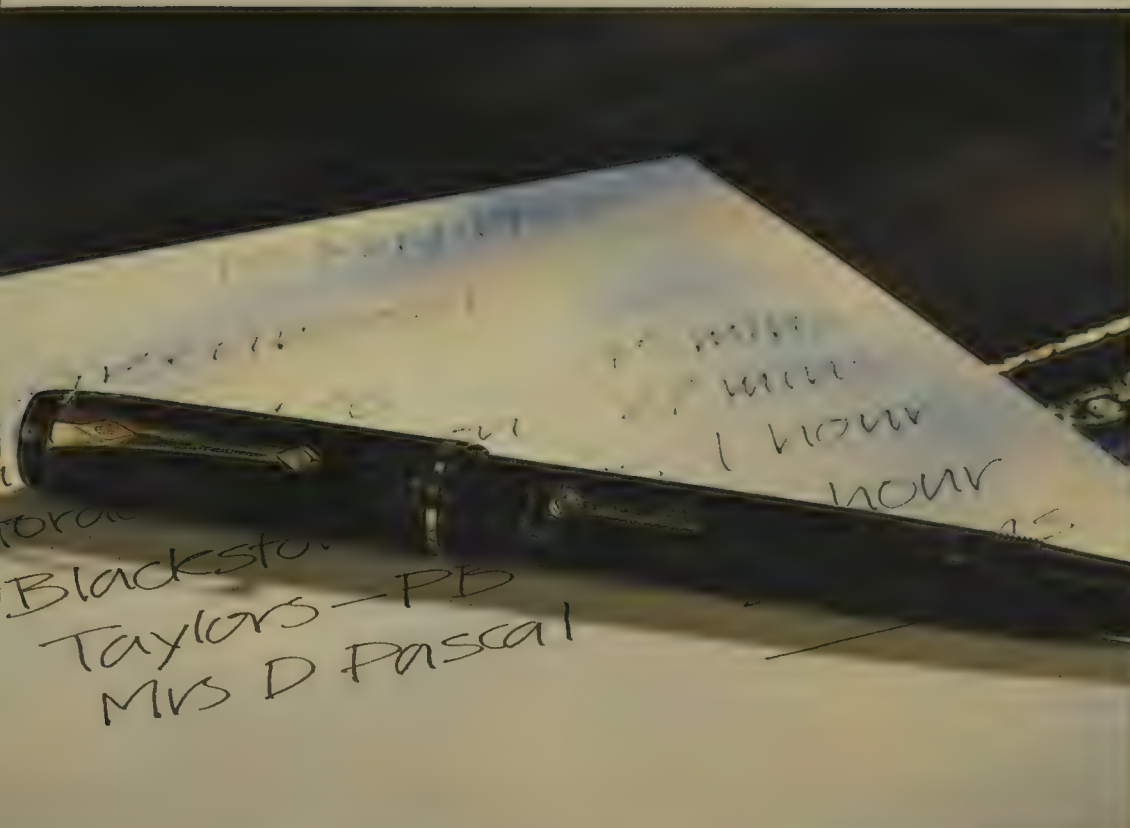
Homicides by those with a known record of mental disturbance have always figured in the criminal statistics but the increase in their number has been meagre—46 cases in 1986, compared with 42 in 1969—a far slower rise than in many other categories of homicide. It is true, however, that you do not have to be a graduate of a mental hospital to be deeply disturbed (or vice versa), and some of the most sadistic murderers, like Dennis Nilsen, are capable of controlled social behaviour.

Though some people point to increasing Americanisation of the British way of life as a factor in the upsurge of murder by strangers, the evidence is sketchy. Americanism has long been with us. Ever since the 1920s British murderers have been citing as part of their defence the malign impact of American films on their psyches—usually unsuccessfully.

It seems more likely that some home-grown form of alienation is at work, though often glossed over with the trappings of American sex 'n' violence culture. The dislocation of old neighbourhoods, the breakdown of the nuclear as well as the extended family, and increased competitiveness may all have a relevance.

In any event, it is clear that further investigation, perhaps of the sociological type that George Orwell found so repugnant, is required before the authorities can establish why this form of murder is on the increase and how it can be diminished. Meanwhile, there is little that most of us can do about the murder rate, except watch it going up ●

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ALL ABOUT EVE

The Eve Club opened during the Cold War and is still a place to dabble in intrigue and espionage.

Henry Porter meets the owner

At about 10.30 every weekday evening Helen O'Brien ascends from her dressing room deep below Regent Street to the Eve Club, a large basement decorated as the first earthly paradise, hung with vines and with looks like the foliage of a metallic banana plantation.

The house lights are dimmed and the blue, purple and red illuminations round the room are switched on. The first of Helen's dozen or so girls have already arrived; some broad, some bosomy, some black—all demure and obliging. They sit in two or three groups ready to smile and murmur interest at the conversation of the club's gentleman clients, however slurred and familiar it may be.

She has been following more or less the same routine for 35 years; moving quickly about the tables in one of her distinctive chiffon creations and clutching at her gift packet of 50 cigarettes, she welcomes old faces, assesses new ones, watches the girls, chivies the waiters and complains if the person on the door is not doing his or her job with discretion.

The place is as unique as its quaint mistress and quite unlike any of the discothèques that were founded in the 1960s or the clip joints that ensure befuddled businessmen with excessive bills for champagne. There are no menacing bouncers here and, she insists, no clip joint artistry. In her words, these are good girls: girls who don't need a place to sleep, girls who don't urge a man to buy champagne he cannot pay for, girls who don't hustle for large tips.

The place has about it an air of the 1950s, which is not surprising because this basement has changed little since it opened its door in Coronation year. What is remarkable is the Middle European quality of the Eve Club. It's as if the place operated in some frontier town of the Cold War, sort of drive where Carol Reed might have filmed Harry Lime in a scene from *The Third Man*.

This is entirely due to the background and personality of Helen O'Brien who seems to have peripheral knowledge of almost every well known intrigue of the last three decades. She has also worked for British intelligence (a fact which is unofficially confirmed by previous employees of SIS which used to run an office just over the other side of the street from her club).

What she calls "the department" were clearly pleased with her work which she likes to envelop with a somewhat Slavic mystery. She marked the occasion of this interview by opening one bottle from a case of vintage champagne given to her for services rendered to the espionage community. "You see, they rarely pay because they are so poor."

As a Russian speaker and possessor of a quick intelligence she is well qualified to do favours for M15 or M16. She was born in Rumania of mixed Russian and Rumanian parentage some 60 years ago (naturally, she avoids giving the exact year). Her mother was a duchess who had left Russia before the revolution, and her father was an engineer who turned to espionage.

Her education was straightforward enough until the war when she was sent to a school run by the Germans in Rumania, which she says was more pleasant than could be expected. It was after the war that the course of her life changed dramatically. During the occupation she married a young RAF officer named Archer who was serving with the British force of occupation in Rumania.

The marriage ended abruptly when a drunken batsman fired a gun through the door and hit her husband. "I was in the same room and I thought he was joking. I went over to him to tell him to get up and then I saw the blood. You see when the bullet passed through the door it had become flattened so that when it hit my husband it acted like a dumpling and ripped him apart. The man with the gun came through the door and I thought he was going to shoot

me too. I said: 'Are you going to kill me? Go on then kill me.' He was very shocked at what he had done."

She was quickly told by the Rumanian authorities to leave the country or to renounce her British citizenship. "The authorities said I had no reason to be there without my husband. I decided to leave and packed up some jewels and icons. My mother told me to take more but I did not. God, I wish I had. They were the icons that she had brought from Russia just before the revolution."

The next shock to me was when I came to England and found that the only job I could get was as a night club hostess at the Cabaret Club. I had not been brought up to think that this was my career, you know."

"Anyway, I then met Jimmy O'Brien and married him and we set up the Eve in 1953. It was a great year to open because all the members of the European aristocracy who came to the Coronation visited the Eve Club. It was an immediate success."

There are fewer customers now than in the 1950s, perhaps because Helen and Jimmy, who is now confined at home with a heart condition and emphysema, refused to go the way of other clubs: tipping taxi drivers to deposit foreign



Helen O'Brien at the Eve Club, where the atmosphere has 1950s charm

businessmen on their threshold, employing girls who openly solicited the customer. "I always say that there are three eras to the Eve Club: The first was the aristocratic era but then I think the aristocrats got fed up with all the night club owners telling the Press that they had such-and-such a lord in the night before. Then we had the era of the businessmen and now it's the 'more or less anybody' era."

Helen O'Brien let her gaze wander round the dim alcoves of her domain. There was a couple dancing. The man, a besuited business type with a lack of rhythm, steered the woman, one of Helen's girls, round the dance floor as if

manoeuvring a large wheelbarrow. She had at least a five-inch advantage over her partner which meant that his grateful face bobbed at the level of her substantial bosom. Helen smiled.

"Of course, some couples get together but that might happen anywhere. There is one man who married two of my girls and that lady over there married one of her customers. She came back to us after he was badly injured in an accident. It is difficult to know how the girls will behave. I usually ask them where they have worked before and if they mention a disreputable joint I ask them what they think of how the joint operated. If they say they could not

stand to see those nice people being extorted and taken for a ride I usually employ them."

The Eve has a vaguely erotic floor show, but the emphasis is more on cabaret acts, contortionists, singers and a juggler notable for the amount that he dropped. During the acts Helen O'Brien rather coyly returned to the subject of spying. Clearly she likes the idea of people knowing about her relationship with "the department" but becomes reticent when pressed on it. "I may write a book about it all but some things I will never put in it. I will never be able to talk about them."

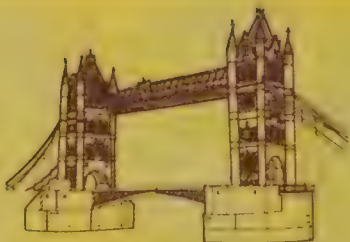
"You know I have been very much *persona non grata* in Rumania. Things were not going very well some time ago and I wondered whether somebody tried to plan a revenge on me like Markov." (Yorgi Markov, the Bulgarian playwright and agitator who was assassinated in London with an umbrella gun that fired fast-dissolving pellets of poison.) "I was filling up my car, a Jensen Healey sports car, at a garage near home one day when I felt a fantastic pain in my elbow. I thought I had been stung by a wasp, though I could not understand how it had penetrated my coat. But then I thought 'this is not the wasp season'."

"I went home and asked my husband to look at it and he said he could see the bone. I don't think it was a proper bullet, but it must have been something with quite a lot of impact. Later I read about Markov and wondered whether I had been the intended victim of a similar weapon."

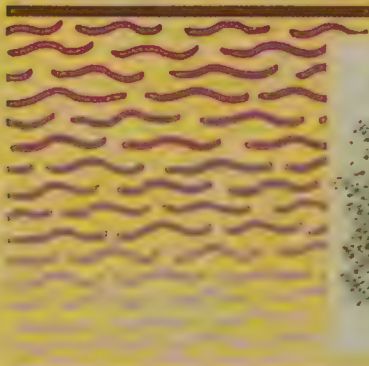
There are many other possible explanations and even Helen O'Brien regards this as the most fantastic: "You know I had one of the policemen who dealt with the case in the club. He was wearing this tie with little white lines across it and two umbrellas and two red dots in each of the sections formed by the white lines. He told me that it was the Markov tie and was only worn by the members of the CID who had solved the case. Somebody else told me that the CID also had a tie put on the loom for the Lucan case though I don't know why because it is unsolved."

She enjoys being in the know. Knowing which detective might once have been on the take in Soho; knowing which club was sailing a touch too close to the wind with the services it offered; knowing the inside track on scandals in the newspapers, like the one affecting Lords Lampton and Jellicoe. She says that she was aware that the former Conservative minister was to be entrapped by a call girl and tried to warn a number of people in authority who took no notice of her.

This taste for intrigue is perhaps the only way to survive years sitting in and running a night club. Although her daughter is taking over the day-to-day management of the Eve the problems are endless and the potential for tedium must be enormous, especially on nights when only a handful of customers lurk in and then make fumbled passes at the girls. "You know I once had Causages's son in here. You know the president of Rumania's son. I had to throw him out because he started grabbing one of my girls in a most obvious way and I don't mind people as long as they behave." Now surely there was a perfect target for SIS? Helen declined to talk about it further.



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WHITE ELEPHANT ON THE RIVER?

Docklands' developments were hit hard by the Stock Market crash, but are slowly recovering. Christopher Warman assesses their future

Shortly before the Stock Market crash last October, Jacob's Island Company, one of the first developers in London's Docklands, launched its latest and most spectacular scheme—the Circle, near Tower Bridge, south of the Thames.

There will be more than 300 apartments, priced from £100,000 to over £400,000, in four eight-storey towers, faced in blue brick, surrounding a courtyard, while a large bronze dray horse will stand at its centre to reflect the site's history as the Courage Brewery stables.

On the day the scheme was launched a helicopter carrying the horse sculpture ensured maximum publicity. Within a fortnight, as Black Monday dawned, most apartments had been sold, even though there was nothing to see beyond a show flat and the apartments will not be ready until summer 1989. The concept, scale and marketing demonstrated the confidence invested in Docklands' future. But that confidence was severely jolted by the financial uncertainties following Black Monday.

Compare, for instance, the Circle with the launch 10 days after the crash, of Burrell's Wharf, a historic waterfront site on the Isle of Dogs (where Brunel's Great Eastern was built). It is being developed by Kentish Homes, whose Cascades development nearby was the first luxury apartment tower block in Docklands, and is now sold out.

Burrell's Wharf, a mixture of new buildings and converted warehouses, is a scheme of more than 300 apartments. The crash caused potential buyers, many of them speculators, to rethink. Only now are the apartments being fully promoted again. Confidence appears to be returning, but there is a new realism, fewer speculators, and the end of inflated prices.

The builders Bellwinch recently revealed a decline in their Docklands residential activities which chief executive Ron King blamed on the crash. Notwithstanding renewed public interest in the last few months, prices had "balanced off"—surely a euphemism for "gone down". The company has delayed developing a block of flats in Wapping "to preserve profits for the future".

A report by the agents Knight Frank & Rutley also emphasises that the scope for speculators has been reduced, thus helping establish more stable prices. Stefan Miles-Brown, from their Docklands office, believes that as the market gradually matures, the key to success will be in accurate pricing. He says his firm has been asked by several developers to revalue their sites, whose prices have been



The changing face of Docklands: the Light Railway crosses Heron Quay



Reflective glass it may be, the *Mirror* it is not. The *Telegraph* building dominates South Quay

pushed up by fierce competition; now they are being marked down by as much as 20 per cent. "We are having to look at prices to the nearest £1,000 rather than the nearest £10,000, as happened in the heady days. Keen pricing will sort out the men from the boys in this market—and it's very much a buyer's market. They can call the tune, unlike last year, when agents and developers were able to tell potential buyers that if they did not buy immediately, someone else would."

The fact remains that after the crash there were forced sales, and some speculators involved in buying Docklands "futures", paying a deposit and hoping to sell the contract before completion, have given up hope of making much profit on the sale. A handful of

developers have also been caught by the crash. Their intentions of re-financing the cost of sites through raising money on the equity market have been, at least for the moment, thwarted.

But one project under way which could guarantee the future of Docklands is the massive Canary Wharf development on the Isle of Dogs. This £3 billion scheme, providing 10 million square feet of office space as well as ancillary services, roads and restaurants, was in trouble before it was taken over last summer by the Canadian firm Olympia & York.

In recent years, Olympia & York have completed enormous financial centre developments in Toronto and New York, and they have a reputation for fulfilling their commitments. Observers could only be impressed when, on

the day of the crash, the firm's head, Paul Reichmann, firmly said he was not worried by the situation, and added that in the scheme for Canary Wharf they had allowed in their budgeting for not one but two recessions.

The seven-year programme for the building of Canary Wharf, including the 800-foot tower block which will be the tallest building in Europe, has begun. Olympia & York are already funding the extension into the City of the Docklands Light Railway, expected to be fully operational by spring 1991.

To minimise disturbance in the area, they also intend to bring 85 per cent of building materials to the site by barge. In the next few years 10,000 barge-loads can be expected, necessitating a maximum of only four or five lorries at the peak period of building. And the firm is providing a bus shuttle service for its workers in order to discourage use of cars.

The river, however, is as yet the neglected route to Docklands, although its value as an amenity is clear. But there are now signs that it may be carrying passengers regularly. A new firm, Thames Line, financed through the Business Expansion Scheme, is planning a complete service along the Thames from Chelsea Harbour to the Royal Docks at Woolwich. It would use possibly 30 piers, of which only 12, at present, exist. So far it is carrying 1,500 passengers a week to the Isle of Dogs (many to the *Telegraph* newspaper plant) from the Embankment and the City; and from the summer it intends to provide a 15-minute service, using eight piers, from Chelsea Harbour to Greenwich. Martin Carleton-Smith has been an estate agent in Docklands for a decade, before the London Docklands Development Corporation—whose creation in 1981 led to the vast redevelopment of the area—was even a gleam in the Government's eye. He boldly predicts, "I can see a time when people living here [in Docklands] will use the river bus with the same nonchalance as the citizens of Venice use the *vaporetto*."

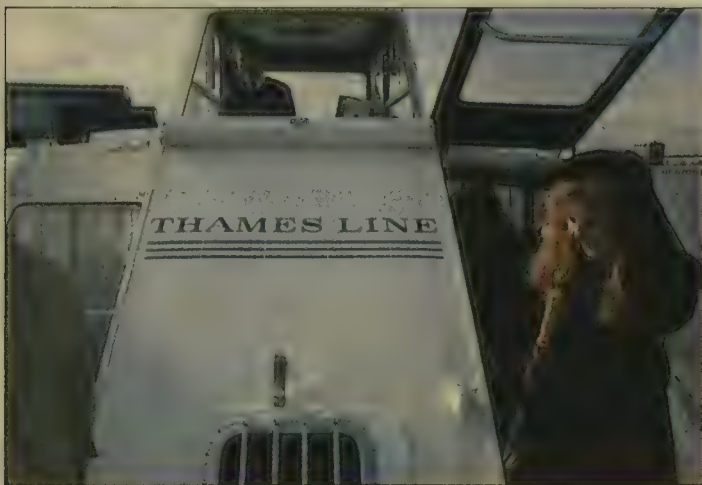
Keith Preston, managing director of the Kentish Property Group, so far enjoying mixed fortunes with their Cascades and Burrell's Wharf schemes, says, "If price rises and sales paused in Docklands after Black Monday, it was only because people did not believe that Docklands would actually happen. But Cascades is proof that Docklands is happening—that it is no longer a framework of projects and ideas, but is a real place; no longer an area of derelict warehouses and shipyards, but a new and growing waterside city in the heart of Europe, with the most exciting architecture and leisure facilities anywhere in London."

This theme is taken up by Tobacco Dock in Wapping, which is promoting itself as the new Covent Garden, although it wants to cater for the local community as well as tourists to the nearby Tower of London. A warehouse conversion, it is already attracting Covent Garden traders, including Oasis Trading, the General Stores and Body Shop, in readiness for the autumn launch.

The total development programme in Docklands allows for around 25,000 homes. At present 1,900 are under construction in Wapping and Limehouse, 1,000 on the Isle of Dogs,



Locals muse on their allotment, while across the "mud shute" in the Enterprise Zone £400,000 dwellings are being built



Just one *vaporetto*-style boat goes to the Dogs



Crossing the Shadwell Basin by row boat could catch on

and nearly 1,900 in the Surrey Docks. There is planning permission for a further 7,000, and development proposals for the remainder, many of them in the Royal Docks to the east, which will be the last to be developed.

Now that the climate of development has cooled, however, a lot of the property coming on the market will be sold on more traditional lines, according to demand more than pre-sales hype. A new development in Wapping shows how selling methods have changed. Waters, the builders, have created 35 apartments from a converted warehouse and 15 new houses next to it. But, although the show flat is open, and everything will be ready in May, no units have been released. Waters acknowledge that people now want to see the product first before they

buy. With 2,000 homes due for completion this year, there could be some interesting sales campaigns to lure buyers.

An ironic casualty of the new realism is the public perception of Docklands as the home of the archetypal yuppies—City-based Eurobond dealers driving BMWs. A survey has convinced the agents Savills that few of their applicants are true yuppies. Apparently, half of them work in the City, with "financial" dealing accounting for 19 per cent, "business" for 18 per cent, and professional, medical, services and media accounting for the rest.

Another heartening figure is that 77 per cent are buying to live there, and for 68 per cent it

will be their main home. It is crucial to the success of Docklands that people buy to live there. This has been slow to happen, partly because large areas of Docklands resemble a giant building site, and will continue to do so for years, and partly because transport and the other community services must be increased.

Steady improvements are being made. Whether Tobacco Dock will live up to its claim to be the new Covent Garden remains to be seen, but virtually all the shop and restaurant space has been taken up. It will be the next important indication, if not proof, that Docklands is progressing healthily, and that the City financial difficulties caused little more than a nasty case of hiccoughs ●

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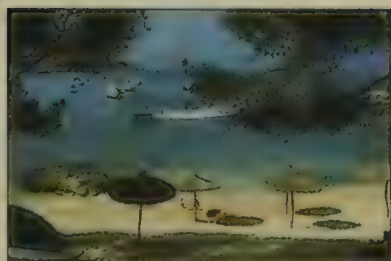
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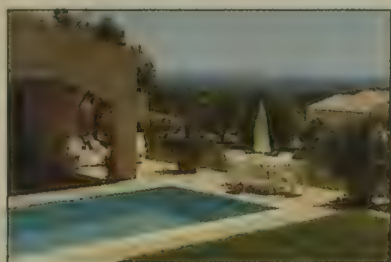


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ON FRENCH LEAVE

Boulogne is largely viewed as a jumping-off point for British tourists heading down to the lush southern regions. James Delingpole discovers that it has delights of its own

"Real France, Real Close" says one of the advertising slogans for the Côte d'Opale near Boulogne on the northern coast of France. The message generally goes unheeded. Most of the two million Britons who pass through the area each year have not the slightest intention of exploring Boulogne and its region. They may speed through the city's suburbs to load up with cheap French wine at the Auchan Hypermarket but then regard it as a point of departure for the better known regions of the Loire, Dordogne and Mediterranean.

Although Boulogne is only 40 miles away by hovercraft (on hour 40 minutes by ferry), a day trip will restrict you to a stay of about five hours. And, by the time you arrive—most day-trippers arrive at 11.40 French time—and take about 50 minutes to find the centre, everything but the cafés and restaurants are closing for the lunch hour.

A two-day break is, therefore, much better. The first can be spent exploring several fine towns within short driving distance of Boulogne—Hesdin for instance, or the walled town of Montreuil-sur-Mer. Not far beyond lie the battle sites of Crècy and Agincourt. Just over 30 kilometres down the coast Le Touquet retains that cosmopolitan air of *fin-de-siècle* elegance that made it popular for the idle rich in the early part of the century.

For a tranquil alternative to the bustle of Boulogne, a 15-minute drive brings you to Montreuil which, until the 16th century, flourished as a harbour. The sea has now retreated and the town's most striking feature is the red-brick wall which surrounds it and which provides an attractive wall with views of the poplar-strewn Canche valley below. First fortified by the Gauls, then strengthened by the Romans, the wall's were reinforced finally by François I and Henri IV.

Montreuil is pleasantly unaware



The 13th-century castle ramparts afford magnificent views



Fishing still plays a lively role in the town's economy

of its own beauty, relaxed and ignored by tourists. It boasts several sleepy squares bordered by 17th- and 18th-century houses, a 13th-century Benedictine abbey and—typical of the town's insouciance—a red-brick building has been tacked on casually to the 13th-century chapel of Hôtel Dieu.

The town has two good hotels. One, a former coaching inn, the Hôtel de France, was where the Yorkshire nurse, the town's began his *Sentimental Journey* through France and Italy in 1765. The other, the Château de

Montreuil, is owned by the up-market Relais et Châteaux group. It is one of the best in the region, a pretty building with buttermilk walls and turquoise shutters, set in its own walled garden. The rooms are splendidly furnished and the bathrooms have mirrors on the ceiling.

The proprietor of the château, Christian Germain, originally worked as head chef of the Waterside Inn at Bray; as a result, the hotel's restaurant is famous for its *nouvelle cuisine*, notably a 300 franc (£29) gourmet menu. Wine starts at 85 francs (£8) a bottle.

One word of warning: Richard Claydeman is considered suitable dining music here.

On the first day it is worth taking the 20-minute drive from Montreuil inland to Hesdin where many of the Maigret episodes were shot. In the spacious cobbled square stands a town hall built in 1629 as a palace for the counts of Flanders. Nearby, the River Canche meanders past the 16th-century church of Notre Dame, well known for its ornate doorway and its extraordinary grotto-like



The Basilique Notre-Dame houses an as

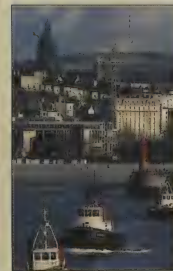
sortment of objets d'art and dominates the Haute Ville



Market stalls have an abundance of exotic fare

chapel, dedicated to the Virgin. The next morning it is advisable to get to Boulogne early to spend half a day exploring the Haute Ville, the oldest part of the town. The 13th-century castle—potentially its most interesting feature—is closed until 1989 for restoration. A 30-minute walk round the well preserved ramparts, with their four gateways and 17 towers, provides good views of the whole port.

The Basilique Notre-Dame, built in 1827, dominates the Haute Ville. For 10 francs you can visit



Architectural styles compete on the waterfront

the treasury and crypt, part of the original Norman cathedral where King Edward II of England married Isabelle of France. The maze of subterranean corridors, painted with 19th-century interpretations of Roman art, houses a strange assembly of gargoyles, religious carvings and a charming model of the crucified Christ made of barbed wire.

But Boulogne's gastronomic pleasures will always be its main attraction. Avoid the cafés on the market square where they even charge for tap water. Many good restaurants offer menus *touristiques* for around 45 francs (£4.25). For somewhere more exotic, try La Liégoise—imaginative nouvelle cuisine—or, for fish, Chez Albert or La Charlotte.

Also worth a visit is La Houblonnière with its vast selection of exotic brew, including the local brew, La Façon.

Having tasted the local cuisine, you will probably wish to enjoy some of the local delicacies back at home. Boulogne is an excellent place to stock up. Fight your way past little fish trying to sell you bunches of flowers and wander round the market stalls (open on

Wednesday and Saturday mornings) with their array of cheeses, sausages and fruit.

Moving beyond the market up the Grande Rue, you will find a shop called Idress, which has an amazing selection of dried and glazed fruits, ranging from shelled kumquats and clementines to rather less appealing shrivelled bananas.

Nearby is the dangerously tempting pâtisserie Lugand. If you are determined not to be enticed inside, do not even think of looking at the seductive selection of gâteaux, fans and 30 kinds of home-made chocolate.

Instead, you could go to Pris-une down the road and hit the wine section. Here, wines are roughly half the price they are here and start at a modest 75p a bottle. Avoid the champagne, which is not much cheaper than in England, but seriously consider the Châteauneuf-du-Pape at 45 francs (£4.25) and the Sancerre at 35 francs (£3.35), you can bring home up to five litres.

Of all the shops in Boulogne, the finest is surely Philippe Olivier in rue Thiers, with its 150 cheeses, including every farmhouse variety in France.

On sawdust-covered shelves are stacked cheeses steeped in cognac and coated with black peppers, goat's-milk cheeses, grey with mould, and fromage *à l'ail* max olives. They are surprisingly inexpensive; a whole Camembert soaked in Calvados, for example, is only 23 francs (£2.20).

By now, with your car groaning under the weight of fine foods and wines, you are ready to return to England and convince sceptical Customs officers that you have nothing to declare.

Day return by coach and ferry to Boulogne and Auchan Supermarket £18 from London Embankment. Available from P&O European Ferries, Channel House, Channel View Road, Dover, Kent CT17 9TJ (01-734 4431).

60-hour return excursion from Folkestone, from £22 per vehicle, £12 per adult. Available from Sealink, Charter House, Park Street, Ashford, Kent TN24 8EX (0233 47047).

Special return fares for passengers from Hoverspeed £12 (Sat-Fri), £15 (Sat). Hoverspeed package: one night at Château de Montreuil and return by hovercraft from Dover from £92 per person. Hoverspeed, Maybrook House, Queens Gardens, Dover, Kent CT17 9UG (01-534 7061). Shop opening times 0900-1230 and 1400-1900. Early closing Monday, at 1400, except hypermarkets



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IT'S JUST OFFAL

Matthew Fort confesses to a penchant for unmentionables

When I suggested to my wife that we give an offal dinner, she went to India. I should have known better. I thought, One of my earliest culinary catastrophes came about as the result of a slight misjudgment as to the attractions of kidneys. In 1969 I served up a plate of plump, succulent little chops in a white wine, cream and mushroom sauce—a room of vegetarians in a hippy commune in Vanuatu. They were polite, well, gobstruck might be a more accurate description, but firm.

On the other hand you never can tell. Once in Wales I was preparing a *terrine de ris de veau* according to a recipe in Richard Olney's *Simple French Cookery* (a wonderful book, even if the title is a bit misleading. Penguin, £3.95). I opened a packet of sweetbreads that someone had kindly picked up from the butcher. Odd, I thought. These are the runniest looking sweetbreads I ever saw in my life. Perhaps in Wales things were different, but they looked suspiciously like what I would call "lry", a very discreet word.

Anyway, it was too late to

change direction at this stage, so I popped them into the terrine in place of the authentic breasts, producing what my Australian hosts, in my earliest of offal, untutored way, called "goolie gateau". Imagine my surprise when, contrary to all expectations, the guests fell on this delicacy with cries of delight, and calls for seconds.

Quite why kidneys and sweet-

There was
the warmth
of true
camaraderie

breads and liver and lights should excite such dark passions is beyond me. A sort of Celtic mist came down when people are confronted with the idea of offal. I know one woman who turns pale at the thought of nibbling a piece of tongue (not strictly speaking *un abat*, but frequently classified among them). I know another whose eyes positively glisten at

the mere mention of brains.

This irrationality gives rise to all kinds of absurd and arbitrary views as to what is acceptable.

Do you, for example, ring up Dunean and Deidre to check whether or not they mind wolfing down a tranche of foie gras? Or boycott your local Italian because it includes *fegato alla veneziana* or *fegato alla salvia* on its menu?

On the other hand, suggest that a dish of kidney or a serving of sweetbreads would be just the ticket, and people shoot you searching glances. Mention that you are partial to a nice piece of brain or a sliver of heart, and they treat you as if you had just confessed to living practices.

Offal is one of those things that comes between parents and children, that divides brother from brother, cleaves spouse from spouse. Consequently, I had to exercise some discretion when selecting my guests for the great event. However, when we sat down there was the warmth of true camaraderie.

Perhaps this all accounts for the cries of delight that greeted the Polish stirpe soup. I learnt this dish



at the elbow of Adam the Pole, who is married to my godmother. His command of English tends to be a trifle erratic, his command of Polish cooking, never. This is just as well as there are not too many books on Polish cooking about. Into this spartan, fragrant brew go onions, carrots, celery, parsnip and garlic, all diced; marjoram, tarragon, paprika and salt; chicken stock; meat dumplings made from liver and flour; and tripe, of course, cut into long shreds. A glass or so of ice-cold vodka cements the party into life.

It seems to me that one of the

great attractions of offal is that most of the serious preparation can be done the day before. That's when you go through the fiddly business of getting rid of the membranes, particularly with brains and sweetbreads. After that it's more or less plain sailing. A word of warning to house guests and family is in order. It can be a touch unvarying to come across a brain soaking in a bowl of acidulated water in the fridge when you are looking for the milk for your early morning cereal.

So it was that we came to brain salad. For some time I had wanted

to try a recipe that I had come across in the *Time/Life* cookbook series, but even my most honeyed nerve had failed to melt my opponent's revolved obduracy. Now my hour had come. A few minutes, actually. For a moment or two the pale, coral-shaded cross-sections lay upon the plates in a puddle of mustardy vinaigrette, speckled with parsley and topped capers and then they were gone, along with the better part of the Riesling Osterberg 1983 from La Vigneronne, 105 Old Brompton Road, SW7 (589 6113).

I'd said that every meal needs a

unifying theme to bind it together, you would probably hoot with laughter, and send the cutting in to Pseud's Corner but this dinner had such a unifying theme—lamb's brains; and now lamb's kidneys; and sweetbreads; and, I know that veal sweetbreads and other bits, are possibly superior to those of the sheep, but only the sheep were available to give me the pleasing unity I wanted.

The sweetbreads I braised and placed on a bed of finely sliced fennel. The kidneys I fried and nestled on to some fondant carrot. The fry I grilled, and made at home on translucent leeks. The stirpe might cavil about the similarities of texture, but there were no purists about. Several bottles of Chateau Méaune 1981 saw to that.

For pudding I had been tempted to rustle up a sweet soufflé *glace de cerelles* to keep to the offal theme, but in the end I thought better of it. Instead we ate a double-decker biscuit sandwich with layers of blood orange between them and a pistachio-flavoured custard all around. I felt that the blood orange gave it a kind of connection with what had gone before.

And so it was, about midnight, that several of my guests slipped away into the darkness, to return to their respective, respectable, offal-less worlds.

Matthew Fort is co-author of the *Peter Fort* column for the *Financial Times*

SOUTH AFRICA

Michael Broadbent finds much to commend in the wines of the Cape

To our forebears—at least, to those in the know and with the wherewithal—Constantia was a name to conjure with. But although this rich South African wine was fashionable from the mid 1770s, it became rather too expensive and was debased and imitated, all in the space of about 80 years. The vineyards, tucked in the steep valleys on the eastern side of Table Mountain, are still there; the fabled old Groot Constantia, now a national monument; and, within sight of its rooftop, Kleine Constantia—a most remarkable new winery already producing gold-medal-winning wines.

The Cape has a lot in common with Bordeaux. It has a similar maritime climate and the wine estates are about the same distance from the sea as the chateau of the Médoc from the Bay of Biscay which were generally established much later. Curiously enough, it has taken nearly 250 years for wine-making to revert to type: to the table wines made by the original settlers and to French, or at any rate, European "light wine", styles more acceptable to present-day wine drinkers. In between lies a history of success, followed by a series of disasters, natural and man-made.

In 1778 Groot Constantia was bought by Hendrik Cloete who improved and extended the vineyard, making wines of quality which quickly gained fame in the courts of Europe and, particularly after we took possession of the Cape in 1805, among the fashionable in England. In style it must have been rather like the delicious but relatively unknown Liqueur Blancs of the Vaud region of the Cape wines of this style—more than a few incorrectly named "Constantia"—were in universal demand. The end of the Napoleonic wars which allowed French wines to re-enter the market, Glasgow's abolition of protective tariffs in 1861 and, shortly afterwards, the onslaught of the

REPASTURES NEW

Kingsley Amis decides to go frightfully English but turns up his nose at Green's

(a bit horsy for my taste), the waistcoat-and-shirt-sleeve waiters and, last and most, the traditional English, men's-club fare: fishcakes, dressed crab, shepherd's pie, plain roasts, treacle tart, sponge pudding; and jolly good it is too.

There is always an X-factor in these matters but the current success of Green's seems very largely earned. Anyway, the success is there, perhaps too much so for the customer's good. Lingering at any stage is not encouraged. The chap with the basket-bell build tried to hang up my overcoat before I had taken it off. He sits in the room, the panelled walls, the oyster bar with stools apparently known as talls

one stage to take the menus away unless we looked sharp. The tables are too close together. I came away from our lunch with enough information about running a care-hire business for a jumbo novel on that theme. But the company in general was pleasant enough.

Things kept happening to belie the air of antiquity, indeed to start me wondering whether the place had been open for six weeks, never mind six hours. They were not sure but thought they had no bourbon whiskey. They could name two malt whiskies that were on offer and perhaps had more. The wine I had ordered was not in stock, and so were some others, the ones asterisked on another copy of the

list. A small troop of waiters fetched our food (quite quickly, I admit). One of these was evidently under notice. He imparted an international flavour, being very much the Frenchman in his obvious surprise, even disapproval, on hearing what I proposed to eat, British in bringing the wrong things and in not apologising when this was pointed out, and French again in implying that differences at such a low level were pretty unimportant.

Reliving those few minutes has made me wonder whether I was made when being a bit charitable when I described this restaurant's success as "very largely earned"; I had better hurry on to food and drink. I treasured my permitted moments with the menu. Reluctantly I passed over the fishcakes. I lingered on food in the hole, but finally settled on Porkin's [sic] Famous Sausages with mash. There was a hiccup when it appeared that sausages and mash was strictly a luncheon dish, the evening equivalent being sausages minus mash, but a waiter was

found who said he would mash some potatoes for me personally. And the result was excellent. I have no space here to argue the point, but in England one is likely to find that English dishes are the best when taken seriously. This means taking them simply, being content to add nothing to the traditional making and above all

I treasured
my permitted
moments with
the menu

cooking the dish thoroughly. The success of this approach was seen in two other main dishes, Irish stew and liver and bacon. The former was pronounced by my guest to be the best encountered since leaving school; the latter showed above all the benefit of the careful and conscientious cooking. It appears that no Continental person will ever realise

that rare bacon is not attractive to a normal palate.

One first course seemed to me to show reasonable, restrained enterprise—Scottish eggs. At one time these were a lunchtime put snack, each consisting of a hard-boiled hen's egg surrounded by sausage-meat, the whole amounting to something about the size of a cricket-ball. After a couple of those only a rather hungry man would call for more food. Green's version substitutes quail's eggs, and the surrounding meat is proportionately and throws in a little bowl of piccalilli. That is the sort of thing people ought to mean by culinary inventiveness.

Oysters and champagne is a great attraction of this restaurant and its seafood bar, and even if, like me, you find all champagne a flatulent bore unless it is very old (and very expensive) you will enjoy their sublime, superb oysters. Not enough work has been done on defining the meritorious oyster, but it is visually unimpeachable, smooth, round, glistening, with a faint touch of tan in the colour, a

different creature altogether from what we all too often see, that dismal, pallid, concave sliver of protoplasm with the look and texture of the white of an incompletely fried egg. Faugh! Send such disgrace to nature back to the sea.

When they are quite clear in their minds about what they have to offer you, the drinks at Green's are not too bad at all. The wine-list is of a sensible length, well selected and reasonably priced, and the oyster wines are most proportionately looked after and served. In particular, we had a Pavilion Rouge 1981 at £30 that was as good as anything I expect to drink anywhere at that price.

How much there is to be said for Green's depends to a large extent on what you expect from a restaurant meal—food and drink on one side, an informal party on the other. I think I might give it another six years to settle down.

Green's, 36 Duke Street, London SW1 (930 4566). Mon-Sat 12.30-3pm, 6.30-10.45pm, Sun 12.30-3pm. About £26 for two, excluding wine.

GEORGE KNIGHT

LISBON AND THE ALGARVE



CASCAIS This family house is situated between Cascais and the beautiful beach of Guincho and offers glorious views of the Sintra Hills. On the ground floor, in addition to the entrance hall, living room, dining room and study, there is a maid's bedroom and bathroom. The first floor contains the three bedrooms and the second floor houses storage rooms and a large sun terrace. There is a swimming pool, built-in barbecue and the property has been fitted with a solar energy system. There is an extra water tank with capacity for up to 1,000 litres. The garage accommodates at least two cars. Price: approx. £166,700.



CENTRAL ARGARVE In one of the most desirable residential areas of the Algarve we offer for sale this magnificent property, set in six acres of gently-sloping grounds. The property is reached via a kilometre of country lane and enjoys full privacy. The views it offers from all of its terraces and windows can only be described as panoramic. Built seven years ago in true Algarvian style the accommodation offers an entrance hall, large reception room, drawing room, dining room, tiled and fully-fitted kitchen and laundry room. The bedroom area offers five bedrooms, two with en-suite dressing rooms and bathrooms, and three other bathrooms. The swimming pool is surrounded by a paved terrace and there is a recently built barbecue area. The property also offers a separate guest studio of one bedroom, bathroom and small kitchen. There is a garage and a carport for two additional cars. Price: offers in the region of £350,000.



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YOUR MAN IN LISBON

Food and wine

phylloxera, almost completely ruined the growers. The aftermath was excessive replanting and overproduction, which by 1917 virtually ruined them again.

This led to the foundation of what is now known as the KWV, the Co-operative Wine Growers of South Africa, whose job it was to bring stability to the market and control quality. The KWV, a vast organisation based in Paarl, has an export monopoly, while the giant Stellenbosch Farmers' Winery dominates the domestic market. One other large company, known as Bergkelder (hill cellar), is privately owned.

to fine table wines, have not, as far as I know, taken to cellaring them. Air-conditioned "cellars" of adequate size, along the lines of those in America, are not a standard feature in house or out-building.

Interestingly, innovation is not just left to boffins. The Myburgh family who have owned and lived at Meerlust, one of the most beautiful of all the Cape wine farms, since 1756, were experimenting with 100 per cent varietals in 1977 and were still at it 10 years later. I tasted their 1983 vintage Pinot Noir, a difficult variety to master, made from 10-year-old vines. It had the true broad Pinot



The Laborie Manor estate at Paarl in South Africa's Cape province

It might appear, therefore, that these big boys dominate the South African wine scene to the extent that individualism and fine wine cannot thrive. Happily this is not so. Privately owned wine estates, far from being suffocated by "the big three", are flourishing, some independently, some under the umbrella of the large companies which can provide technical advice and bottling and marketing facilities.

One of the now-famous individual wine-makers is a brilliant innovator, Gunter Brozel, who, not surprisingly with his German background, has transformed rather ordinary Rieslings into an art form. His work at Nederburg, under the Stellenbosch Wine Farmers wing, is world renowned. Having a sweet tooth I particularly like his Edelkeurs—gloriously concentrated Beerenauslese-type wines. More recently, and within a very short space of time, a Hungarian *émigré*, Dr Julius Laszlo, chief oenologist at the Bergkelder, has been producing fiercely individual Cabernet Sauvignons which are clearly destined for long life—though I worry in whose cellars they will mature. The South Africans, coming round belatedly

Noir colour, always less intense and cherry-tinted than Cabernet, with a copybook beetroot-like nose. The 1986 Cabernet Sauvignon was opaque, had a distinctive oyster-shell nose and cinnamon-and-cloves spicy flavour imparted by the new oak casks. The Merlot was vast, fleshy and full of fruit.

The first person I met on my arrival in Cape Town was Pieter du Toit, a direct descendant of one of the original Huguenot families and now wine-maker at Groot Constantia. His was the first Sauvignon Blanc I tasted: pale yellow, a mouth-watering, grassy, raw blackcurrant aroma; dry, lean and acidic—a perfect wine for a hot climate. I can't think why they hadn't grown this variety before.

Had I to choose just one place to live and make wine I would opt for a Cape Dutch farm with vineyards on the lower slopes of the dramatic Drakenstein range. My nearest town would be Stellenbosch, for this—vying even with Riquewihr in Alsace—must be one of the loveliest wine towns on earth.

Best news of all, because of the devaluation of the rand, Cape wines are just about the best quality for price obtainable today ●

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A STERLING ECONOMY

Kevin Pakenham assesses world currencies and brings his portfolio up to date

To the surprise of British investors, the pound is once more big man on campus. Despite the large trade deficit of \$18 billion, the result of a booming economy, the pound broke through its three Deutschmark barrier, to the consternation of the Chancellor. The move placed the UK authorities in a dilemma. On the one hand, they want to keep UK interest rates up to hold back domestic borrowing and cool off the economy. On the other, high interest rates attract hot money, particularly from Continental investors. The short-term resolution, to let the pound rise to 3.10DM and to lower interest rates by $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, will do little to dampen the economy while leading to a still greater trade deficit.

The UK Budget, although maintaining a probable surplus of receipts over expenditures, has done nothing to reduce private-sector credit demand; if anything, it has done the reverse. Arguably the UK foreign assets, equal to Japan's and representing the surplus from oil earned in the early 1980s, can bear this strain. It is desirable for the USA to have some

other major economy playing the role of importer of last resort.

For a time the strength of sterling threatened to spark off another run on the dollar. It fell in early March from 1.70DM to 1.65DM but "good" trade figures (\$12 billion deficit for the month of February) staved off another attack. Nonetheless the rate of improvement of US exports needs to be matched by a slowdown in import volumes before sustainable confidence in the dollar will be achieved. In any event a rise in the dollar level would not be welcomed in the USA since it could reverse the progress made in remedying the trade deficit.

The fall in US imports will occur only with a significant slowdown in US consumption, and although there are signs of this, the US economy as a whole is still growing rapidly. Were it not for low commodity prices and falling oil prices, the danger of US inflation would be considerable. The stock market crash of last October was brought about by the combined fears of a weak dollar and excess US growth, a set of circumstances likely to recur in an



ILLUSTRATION BY VICTORIA GRANVILLE

The pound broke through its three Deutschmark barrier, to the consternation of the Chancellor



A pair of Chelsea figures of a sportsman, carrying gun and flask, and his companion, c 1768—items for sale at the International Ceramics Fair & Seminar in June

THE FINE ART OF COLLECTING

Lucilla Watson explains why antiques have such a widespread and enduring appeal

The miracle of survival, a fascination with the relics of a different daily life, and an admiration for the artistic and technical achievements of the past are the most obvious motivations for collecting antiques.

Whatever your area of interest, from furniture-making to glass-blowing, painting on porcelain to engraving on silver, clock-making to weaving or embroidery, col-

lecting is a peculiarly creative and addictive occupation. It is one with which the collector is never truly satisfied: always searching, refining, weeding out and often changing direction.

Yet a collection, so painstakingly gathered, may eventually be dispersed at auction, reversing decades of work and allowing another generation to start the process again.

Collecting has contributed a great deal to our knowledge of the fine and decorative arts and of the past in general at an extraordinarily intricate level, greater knowledge in turn stimulating closer study and further research. It has also generously endowed many of our museums and galleries. Indeed, many of these institutions owe the importance of their displays and reserve collections to valuable bequests made by great collectors of the mid 19th to mid 20th centuries.

Generally, however, so much great art and so many highly important antiques have been absorbed into private and public collections worldwide that collecting on the sumptuous scale of the last 100 years is over.

But this has not sounded the death knell of the collecting spirit. Far from it. As outstanding antiques and works of art have

election year when the Federal Reserve will be most reluctant to raise interest rates. Thus all the equity markets have to look forward to in nine months' time is a new President who will raise taxes. Despite this, by mid-March the equity market was 15 per cent from its low, though still 25 per cent from its all-time high.

While the US economy is proving surprisingly resistant to recession, the Japanese economy is well into the second year of boom. This raises the danger of Japanese interest rates rising, and despite stories of imports clogging Osaka airport, the prospect of a higher Gensaki rate is likely to put upward pressure on the yen. In this context, the Japanese stock market's ability to rise with no visible means of support back to within a few per cent of its all-time high is confounding Western investors. Even those who are long-term believers in Japanese growth and efficiency are finding prices at multiples of 60 and 70 times earnings hard to stomach in comparison to 13 and 14 times in the UK and USA. Most explanations for the strength of Japanese equities come down to the fact that there is a lot of liquidity created by the trade surplus.

Germany offers almost the opposite picture. It has an economy held back by monetary stringency and a market suffering from the lack of belief in future growth. The poor growth record of the 1980s appears unlikely to change. Equity markets reflect this, presenting the unusual picture of government bond yields below equity yields.

AMOUNT/DESCRIPTION	BOOK COST	PRICE	MARKET VALUE	ANNUAL INCOME	INTEREST/DIVIDEND YIELD
UK Ordinary Shares					
1,490 BAT Industries £0.25	9,980	£454.00 X	6,760	310	4.58
2,540 Fisons £0.25	9,980	£258.00 X	6,550	140	2.14
7,090 Foreign & Colonial £0.25	10,000	£106.00	7,550	190	2.52
3,800 Suter £0.05	6,460	£170.00	6,460	200	3.10
Foreign Ordinary Shares					
270 Abbott Laboratories	9,970	US\$49.750	7,350	180	2.45
180 Banque Nationale Paris Cir	9,960	FF228.00	3,910	180	4.09
80 Bayer	9,170	DM275.100	7,130	260	3.65
120 Digital Equip	7,320	US\$111.375	7,320	0	0
270 Dun & Bradstreet	10,110	US\$51.000 X	7,540	220	2.92
290 Newmont Mining	10,170	US\$35.000	5,560	100	1.80
140 Philip Morris	7,110	US\$93.00	7,130	280	3.93
Sub-totals	10,023		73,270	2,040	2.70
Cash balance (inc dividends & interest)			2,059		
TOTAL	100,000		75,329		

This is consistent with an economy which has gone "ex-growth". It is a return to yield relations of the 1930s and the late 1940s when it was thought appropriate that equities should yield above bonds and before "the cult of the equity" took hold. By contrast, UK government bond yields are 2.2 times higher than equity yields, having fallen from 3.3 times before the October crash.

Translating these trends into investment action, the prospect for a substantial rise in the market without further setbacks does not appear particularly good. The US currency holding in the portfolio has more or less stood still, but the prospects over time of finding good value in the USA seem reasonable. On the principle that

liquidity is worth holding only in order to commit to the market, I am going to use the dollar to make two purchases of US stocks, driven as before by the desire to acquire sound long-term value.

The first is relatively defensive. Philip Morris has diversified about half its revenues from tobacco and is a well run company with a good yield. The price is still a little weak from fears of legal action relating to cancer claims. DEC is a major US technology company, second only to IBM, but currently unfashionable. It is a more adventurous purchase than Philip Morris but should do well from the production boost given to the US economy by the weak dollar.

In the UK I have made a switch out of the conservative and currently unexciting GEC, suffering from government stringency in its defence-spending programme, into Suter. Suter has good value as a recently built industrial conglomerate with excellent 1988 results. The cloud on the horizon is the legal dispute between its chief executive, David Abell, and Channel 4. Consequently the shares stand at about a 25 per cent discount to the market, whereas previously they were a premium stock. The company appears to have good prospects.

Kevin Pakenham is managing director of Foreign & Colonial Management, 1 Laurence Pountney Hill, EC4. The portfolio may go down as well as up in value.

become scarcer, so the tentacles of collecting have spread forwards in time and outwards in scope. Gone are the days when nothing later than the 18th century was deemed worth collecting. Antiques of the previously despised Victorian era as well as, for example, the best of Art Nouveau and, moving into the early 20th century, Art Deco, are now respectable, collectable and highly saleable.

In recent years this process of expansion has accelerated to make desirable such things as domestic equipment of indeterminate age, plastic jewellery of the 1930s and enamel street and station signs barely 50 years old. Collectors themselves often quite subjectively set the tone of what is and is not desirable. Only time will determine the intrinsic value of these items.

In established areas of the 18th and 19th centuries the choice of collectable antiques is wide. There



A mid-19th-century continental enamel scent bottle and enamel Bilston patch boxes, c 1780, with King Charles spaniels on the lids

is the array of English drinking glasses; the homely pewter (long neglected, incidentally); jades and ivories; silver, from simple caddy spoons to elegant tea and coffee pots; the great range of pottery and porcelain; the sophistication

of scientific instruments; the naïveté of samplers; and the wide field of 19th-century paintings.

In this last area many artists still await discovery so that with knowledge, discernment, luck and time it is still possible to find an overlooked minor masterpiece at auction or to spot and collect the works of an unknown but worthwhile artist.

Hopes of picking up bargains and of making great discoveries in other areas must remain faint, however; the great expansion in the publication of price guides and reference books since the 1960s means that most dealers, and dabblers, know what they are selling and how much to ask for it.

For all collectors, whether exploring a new area or collecting in an established field, the best advice is always to buy the best that one can afford. Avoid buying with an eye to investment, thus

treating the antiques world as a kind of stock market; a good collection, intelligently put together, is likely to appreciate in value anyway. And, should the collector discover a new and valid collecting field, so much the better.

Ample opportunity to view, handle and discuss with dealers the full range of antiques arises next month at three of the most important annual events in the antiques calendar: the Fine Art and Antiques Fair, Olympia Exhibition Centre, London W4, June 3-12; the Grosvenor House Antiques Fair, Park Lane, London W1, June 9-18; and the International Ceramics Fair and Seminar, The Dorchester Hotel, Park Lane, London W1, June 10-13.

Lucilla Watson is deputy editor of The Antique Dealer and Collectors' Guide

THE ELUSIVE N. F. SIMPSON

One of our most ingenious playwrights has hidden behind his initials and a PO Box for over 20 years. As his masterpiece is revived at the Old Vic this month Patrick Hughes reaches for the recluse and appraises his surreal talent

The first play by N. F. Simpson, *A Resounding Thistle*, was put on at the Royal Court in December, 1957. I was an 18-year-old velvet salesman at Rubens de Paris in Maddox Street—the firm is still near by—and desperately wanted to be a writer. When I had seen his play, and his successor *One Way Pendulum*, in December, 1959, I decided to give up writing and take up painting. Simpson seemed to me to have written so well that there was no need to compete. Now *One Way Pendulum*, his masterpiece, is being revived for the first time in the current Old Vic season directed by Jonathan Miller, and opens on May 3.

Absurd comedy has been popular comedy: *The Goon Show*, *Monty Python* and now *Comic Strip*. In the theatre we have had Simpson, then Orton, then Stoppard. Orton had the "luck" to be murdered in 1964, which both fuelled the myth of living dangerously and ensured that the small corpus of four plays written for the theatre would stand unassailed by any subsequent flops. Stoppard has been given academic and highbrow respectability for his quotations from philosophers, writers and artists, and in *Hapgood*, scientists. Simpson wears his learning more lightly. Stoppard has paid tribute, describing himself as a fan of many years standing. And John Cleese has said of him: "He's a marvellous writer." Obviously, Miller has great admiration for Simpson, having come to direct the play now, 24 years after playing the part of Kirby Groomkirby in the very tame film directed by Peter Yates in 1964. "I think it's a wonderful play," he says, "light-hearted and extremely witty".

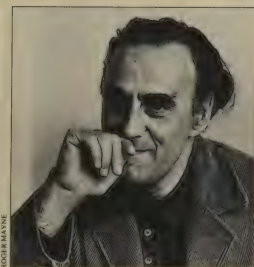


Alison Leggatt, Patsy Rowlands and Patsy Byrne in the first London performance of *One Way Pendulum* at the Royal Court in 1959

I asked Tower House publicity, who are dealing with the press for the Old Vic, if I could interview Simpson, whom I've never met, for the *ILN*. They said that he would not do interviews, that they communicated with him through a box number and that they believed he lived on a barge without a telephone near Oxford. Undaunted I wrote to Miller asking him to forward a book about visual and verbal jokes that I had written.

called *More On Oxymoron*, to Simpson, in the hope that this would soften him up for an interview. Miller kindly replied to confirm the playwright's wish to remain un interviewed: "He keeps himself to himself and he only gives us a PO Box address. We have to follow instructions."

On January 20 I got a postcard from Simpson, a photograph in autumn tints of the Leeds and Liverpool Canal at East Marton.



Simpson in the late 60s, above, and in 1961, top, with Harold Pinter and John Mortimer. Betty Turner, left, as Aunt Mildred in the new production of *One Way Pendulum*

The card says: "Many thanks for *More on Oxymoron*. Much that is new to me... [I was proud]... Afraid I've got nothing to say in an interview that I wouldn't prefer to say in writing in some other way—if it ever got round to it. So sorry, but thanks for wanting to do it. Kind regards and very best wishes, N. F. Simpson." The card was postmarked Yorkshire. At the same time Simpson popped up in the correspondence column of *The Guardian*, taking issue with Brian Inglis over the rational basis of science. Simpson's letter was shown as coming from Gargrave in North Yorkshire.

Still undaunted, I turned to fellow artist Les Coleman who had written his thesis on N. F. Simpson when he was a student at Leeds College of Art. From the days when Simpson gave interviews I have been able to piece together the prosaic and poetic

Cleese and Co
have
obviously been
influenced
by his humour

facts about our man. He was born Norman Frederick Simpson in 1919, and to his intimates is known as "Wally" or "Wal" after the Duchess of Windsor, Mrs Simpson. He went to Emmanuel School in Battersea and then worked for two years in a bank. In 1941 he joined the Intelligence Corps and went to Italy, Palestine and Cyprus. He took an honours degree in English at London University after army service. He taught 'A' level English under the City of Westminster's adult education programme until 1963 when he became a full-time writer. He is married with one daughter.

I asked Coleman how he found N. F. Simpson the man. "Although we both lived in Battersea in the late 60s, I knew only from his letters he lived in Prince of Wales Drive. I never met him. I did once see him, in 1961 I nearly knocked him down. I was on my bicycle, I swerved to avoid a pedestrian and looked closely and it was Simpson—I recognised him from the photo on the front of my Simpson scrapbook."

"He is an exciting writer, demanding of himself that he should extend his own output. I



Jonathan Miller as Kirby Groomkirby in the 1964 film of *One Way Pendulum*

suppose that has something to do with why he has not had much success since *Pendulum*. The kind of humour that he has explored has been taken up by the *Monty Python* team and the *Comic Strip* gang, who go for a more popular audience. Cleeve and Co have obviously been influenced by his humour, although they work on a more schoolboy level. He might be disappointed by the lack of interest in his work. But what I guess he is thinking is: 'If I'm being interviewed I'm being asked to make some commentary about my own writing, and what I really want to happen is for the plays to act as my voice.'

N.F. Simpson never saw a play or film until he was in his late teens, because, by order of his strict Baptist family, they were the devil's works. He cannot remember his first visit to the theatre; his first film show was a double bill of Edgar Wallace and *Lorna Doone*.

Simpson's father was a glass-blower at a lamp factory in Hammersmith, in the days when glass was mouth—rather than machine—blown. "He used to work at home sometimes, and to save himself the trouble of using the foot-bellows one day had the brilliant idea of fitting up the vacuum cleaner to mix the air and gas. The only thing was that he switched it on the wrong way round, so that it sucked in with a

great rush, a spark ignited and the living room carpet went up in a sheet of flame."

We might speculate on the relationship between Simpson and his father when we consider that in *One Way Pendulum* the Groomkirbys, father and son, never speak to one another. Arthur Groom-

One Way Pendulum is a true picture of ourselves

kirby, the father, has been pursuing the law as a hobby. He unites it during the course of the play with an interest in woodwork, and so comes to construct a massive mock-up of the Old Bailey in his living room. Inevitably, this comes complete with judge, prosecuting counsel, defence counsel and so on. It also comes in handy to try his son, Kirby Groomkirby.

In the first scene in the play Kirby Groomkirby, dressed entirely in black, is teaching speak-your-weight machines to sing. As the plot unravels we learn that Kirby, his parents decided, was to be dressed in white if he had been born black, in black if he were

born white—"for the contrast", his mother explains. As he grows up he seeks a logical reason for his now habitual black garb and begins killing people—telling them a joke first as he wants them to die laughing. "He wouldn't wear mourning for anyone he didn't know, m'lord," says his mother. "I put that specifically to him. He felt it would be a mockery m'lord."

Kirby Groomkirby has decided that since the machines speak they can also be taught to sing; if they were to sing the Hallelujah Chorus at the North Pole it would lure people there to hear the weighing-machine chorus and "if he could get enough of them together in the one place, he would have very little difficulty in persuading them all to jump at the same moment". This would result in a tilting of the earth's axis, a new Ice Age, "ensuring that for an indefinite period deaths from various causes connected with excessive cold would be many and frequent". And so we are swept along on a wave of surreal "logic".

Simpson has said: "My aim in writing plays was to coax a grudging suspension of disbelief out of a wary audience, in the firm conviction that what we all need is to be inoculated against lunacy by means of small doses of some comparatively mild strain, in order to build up a resistance to the dreadful and destructive ravages of that most terrible of all known

forms which goes by the name of sanity." He loves to put the cart before the horse. In summing up, the judge in *One Way Pendulum* says: "Your mother has said that you wear black. This is not surprising. Such a taste seems to be in perfect conformity with the career you have chosen to embark upon."

Simpson has said: "I have felt an immediate sympathy with certain works like *Tristram Shandy*." In Laurence Sterne's 18th-century comic novel the hero Shandy is also motivated by the accident of his birth, the characters also ride their hobby-horses off into the distance and into each other. There are many parallels. He has said: "I have imagined characters who are isolated, as if in a vacuum, in their fixed ideas, and I entertained myself by bringing these fixed ideas together and by buffeting them against one another like dodgem cars. The results produced by these bumps are funny, without the indestructible mechanism of each obsession being changed in any way. Each represents, if you like, a tradition, a way of doing things, a method which regards itself as the be-all and end-all of existence. Inside his own little universe each character thinks and acts according to an absolute logic."

And thus is the greatness of *One Way Pendulum* constructed: in its wonderful exaggeration it is a true picture of ourselves and the logic we pursue as we sit astride our hobby-horses, riding them into the ground. The great beauty of it is in the coming together of plot and character, the way in which Kirby's character inevitably leads him to murder and the North Pole plan, and the way in which this interlocks perfectly with his father's interest in woodwork and law to give us the superb courtroom scene in the second act.

"There is a serious side to the play," says Simpson, "for those who nevertheless want it, but it is right underneath, just above the sump and difficult to get at. The author can usually locate it but covers himself and everybody else with muck and grease while he does it. It is best left alone."

"Having on a number of occasions forced myself to the brink only to find it towering up in front of me, I now wait in slightly bewildered dudgeon for the brink to come to me." And, so it seems, he waits still ●

Faber & Faber are reissuing *One Way Pendulum* in paperback on May 3, £3.95. See Listings for Old Vic details.



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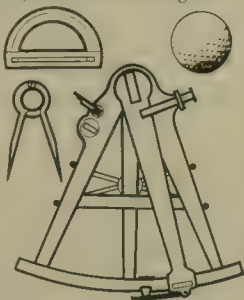
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DEADLY DULL SPYMASTER

NON FICTION

The Secret Servant, the Life of Sir Stewart Menzies, Churchill's Spymaster
by Anthony Cave Brown
Michael Joseph, £19.95

This is a very long book about a not very important person. Sir Stewart Menzies (pronounced "Mingiss") was head of the Secret Intelligence Service (SIS or M16) from 1939 to 1952. He was an honourable, competent, plain, rightly described by Lord Dacre as "personally considerate, patently just, patently honest." But Lord Dacre is no less right when he says "no one could claim that he was a brilliant chief of the Secret Service." Or rather he was right until this biography appeared, for the author does indeed make such a claim. "I believe he was the greatest British spymaster, greater even than Walsingham, the man who stole the secrets of the Spanish Armada."

The truth is that Menzies was not a "spymaster" at all, if indeed the word has any meaning. The successes achieved by British Intelligence during the Second World War were very great. They altered its whole course and were a major factor in the victory of the Western Allies. But they had nothing whatever to do with spies or espionage.

There was never a British equivalent of the German communist, Richard Sorge, who from his base in Tokyo gave Stalin vital information about Japanese war plans, which enabled the Russian dictator to denude his Pacific defences and concentrate exclusively on the West. Nor was there an equivalent of Oleg Penkovski who supplied crucial information to the Americans in 1961-62 in the run-up to the Cuban crisis.

The key to the success of the British Intelligence Services was the triumph of the Government Code and Cipher School (GC & CS) at Bletchley in breaking the German machine ciphers. That triumph owed a great deal to the

Polish Resistance and to Special Operations Executive (SOE) but nothing to SIS where SOE was detested and regarded as an upstart rival. GC & CS had begun life as an organ of the Admiralty during the First World War under the command of the celebrated "Blinker" Hall. It then became a separate institution under the Foreign Office. It produced information of the highest importance, and supplied its material direct to intelligence departments of the armed services. But on the



Sir Stewart Menzies

organisations charts beloved of bureaucrats it came in a sense under "C" (the Chief), though not, in any normal meaning of the word, a section of SIS.

Menzies, however, was quick to claim that he alone had authority over the use of "Ultra", the name given to the deciphered intercepts which emerged from Bletchley. He did not get away with this, but he did establish himself as the sole channel of communication with the Prime Minister. Churchill, so the author tells us, had no great use for Menzies and did his best to prevent him from becoming "C" in succession to Admiral Sinclair in 1939.

Menzies might well have lost his job in 1940 had it not been for the secret information with which he furnished the Prime Minister and which, as the war unfolded, was clearly seen as being by far the most important source of information about German plans on

land, sea or in the sky. Menzies bathed in the reflected glory cast upon him by the work of the bobbies and eggheads at Bletchley. The truth was that SIS proper could not claim exclusive responsibility for any of the major intelligence coups of the war. The credit goes to M15 (hated by SIS almost as much as SOE) and GC & CS.

Although the author has done a great deal of research and interviewed a great many people he does not add much of significance to the history of intelligence in the Second World War. Anyone interested in that subject would be better advised to consult the scholarly volumes of Sir Harry Hinsley's official history than wade through this glibly told book. The author cannot see the wood for the trees and he is obsessed in an old-fashioned 1960s way with the trappings of class and wealth.

Menzies was related to the Wilsons of Tranby Croft; we hear all about the "scandal". He was at Eton; we hear all about "Pop" and about the "golden boys"—Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Charles Lister, the Grenfells and so on who have already been written up beyond endurance. Menzies commands the King's Guard at the Coronation of George VI; we are spared the King's German "quarters", and the square-mile of his empire. We are told that one of the "golden boys" was "articled" to F. E. Smith; people are articulated to solicitors, not barristers. Ronnie Knox had "trinaire" differences with his Anglican father. Presumably Mr Cave Brown means "doctrinal", but the English language is not his forte, nor English style and usage.

There are some improbable speculations. Admiral Darlan's assassination was convenient for Britain. "C" was in Algiers at the time. Was he there to ensure that the murder would not be botched? No shadow of proof is offered. The "blurb" makes much of the possibility that "C" was using Phibby in some complicated game of double-crossing disinformation against the Russians. In the "wilderness of mirrors" almost anything is "possible". But some things are more possible than others. The author, fairly, quotes the contrary views of Sir Patrick Reilly and Sir James Easton, but seems to prefer shadowy inferences from remarks by Chapman Pincher and by Graham Greene, a great novelist but an ideological ass. A book half the length by a discriminating historian might have been worth writing. This is not.

—ROBERT BLAKE

POP-UP BODIES AND NO SOUL

Portrait of a Decade—London Life 1945-55
by Douglas Sutherland
Harrap, £9.95

What was it really like to return to London after serving as a soldier in the Second World War? How did it feel to have no job, no family and no qualifications because war had been declared just as you were about to enter Cambridge? What was it like to have stared death in the face in Germany, and then suddenly to be in London staring the future in the face?

Douglas Sutherland is one who knows, and in his new book he recalls the period in his life between leaving the Army and the time when London began to find its feet again, 10 years later. Through being, as the saying goes, in the right place at the right time, Sutherland obtained various jobs during those 10 years, the most significant being that of apprentice gossip columnist on Lord Beaverbrook's *Evening Standard*, under Tudor Jenkins. Presumably this is where he acquired his fast, flowing and informative writing technique.

Written in autobiographical style, the book has a noticeable lack of emotional depth. It starts with the author's army life, the declaration of peace and his return to London. At this point there is a switch of emphasis, and we are taken into a minefield of famous names. On the way, Sutherland mentions in passing his marriage to the dancer



Faces of a decade: Winston Churchill

and Anthony Eden in 1945

Moyna Fraser, the birth of his daughter and his eventual divorce, but otherwise almost completely ignores his family life. One gets the impression that he mentions his daughter's birth only in order to relate a whimsical tale from the subsequent christening. His wife crops up only when he feels the need to explain that she "knew so and so" and that she "how I was invited to the party".

If you want to know, or be reminded of, how it felt to be an ordinary man on the street in a recuperative London, this book is not for you. Sutherland is the sort of person who happens to be seated between Albert Pierpoint, then the official British hangman, and Louis Golding, the novelist, on the plane back to London after being demobilized. "Sketch of a Decade" would be a more accurate title for a book which is of the "Guess who I met before he changed his name?" school of thought.

Augustus John, Oscar Hamerstein, Burgess and Maclean, Winston Churchill, Francis Bacon and George Melly, to name a few, all make brief appearances, as do assorted MPs, gangsters and socialists. But brief appearances are all they make. They are not every page like cardboard characters in a pop-up book and never hang around for long enough for us to get to know them.

Something essential is missing—it's all body and no soul. By the end of the 232 pages I was no more satisfied than if I had just read today's gossip. I want more from a book: I want to know what Churchill—the man behind the cigar—was really like. Sutherland knew him well, enough, in fact, to drive to his country house on the last page of the book and find the morning and spend a drunken night there. But just as we think we are going to learn something

about the great man, the entire night is skipped over and we end up with Sutherland and Co back in London in the early fifties. And on the last page Dylan Thomas is described as "my old friend"—and yet there is no mention of him in the book other than his inclusion in a list of the "names" who hung out in the Colony Club.

I guess what went on in El Vino's and the Colony Club is extremely interesting if that's what you want to read about. And it all sounds great fun (at least if you hang around in the right circles). But what about the majority of the population of London who were not among the privileged few? And somewhere in the background Sutherland's daughter was growing up and his marriage was breaking up. Surely there was more to his life than a double whisky with Robert "Yo ho ho" Newton? Well, if there was, he's not telling.

—SOPHIE HEATH



A Yemeni wedding guest shows off her ornaments. One of 40 colour photographs by Maria and Pascal Maréchal, who spent 12 years in the Yemen researching *Arabian Moons, Passages in Time Through Yemen*, Kegan Paul International, £35

FICTION

The Fourth of July
by Bel Monroe
Hamish Hamilton, £11.95
A Very Peculiar Practice: The New Frontier
by Andrew Davies
Methuen, £10.95
Small Tales of a Town
by Susan Webster
Simon & Schuster, £10.95

Bel Mooney's new novel, largely set at a July 4 weekend house party in New Jersey, is concerned more with the launching of a film called *The Nights of Penelope* than with the celebration of Independence Day. The film, a blue version of the *Odyssey*, is the brainchild of Anthony Carl who has made a fortune out of his glib magazine *Empire*. Among the guests at the party are the doomed, Monroe-esque sex queen Annalisa

Kaye who reveals all as the nude, centrefold model for *Empire* and, presumably, in the film; and Barbara Rowe, an English photographer who befriends her.

The story Barbara tells is a sad, nasty, but compelling one. Annalisa, the girl from Nebraska who sought stardom and whose life in consequence is defined only by what the camera reveals, becomes a cocaine addict and drowns herself in the vain hope of stopping the film which she dreads her Czech immigrant parents seeing. Barbara, as the estranged daughter of a Guildford couple, is not so convincingly presented. But Mooney's frankness ensures that she receives some shocking lessons in life.

Threatened with closure as the penalty for corruption and incompetence, how is the lowlands University of Andrew Davies's first novel *A Very Peculiar Practice* to be saved? Only, as that book's sequel now reveals, by a ruthless and radical transformation involving an infusion of American money and the appointment of an American vice-chancellor, the handsome, blue-eyed Bostonian, Jack Daniels. Students, except for the high-fliers, become expendable and everything that is researched is for sale. Dr Stephen Daker is now director of the medical centre, and Dr Rose Marie runs a male sexuality workshop, but there are more sinister developments in the departments of microbiology and electroacoustics. *A Very Peculiar Practice*, the *Frontier* novel, ultimately project a bleak view of the future of British universities but it is still very funny.

If these books give the impression of America as the land of those who are mad, bad or otherwise, the *Frontier* novel is not yet so far gone in the Australian outback as depicted by Susan Webster. The setting of her *Small Tales of a Town* is a struggle of sun-baked buildings hanging on to "the fringe of usable land as the last outpost before the big red dunes of the desert took command and nothing existed any more". The "tales", narrated by a journalist from Melbourne, concern such critical events as the clash between a wedding reception and Annalisa Daker's celebration of the same venue; an outburst of republican sentiment at a council meeting; food poisoning at a cricket match; and a raging bush fire. Miss Webster, a journalist herself, writes lucidly, sympathetically and with good humour about the town and its people. ●

—IAN STEWART



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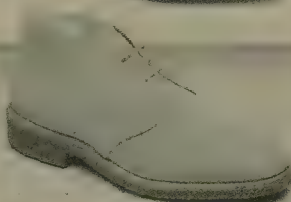
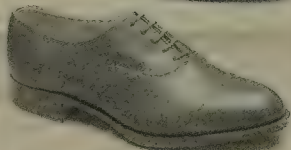
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CÉZANNE: THE LEARNING YEARS

EXHIBITIONS

By John McEwen

It has taken over 80 years since the artist's death for an exhibition devoted exclusively to the early work of Paul Cézanne to come about; but now the Royal Academy, funded by Chase Manhattan Bank, has managed to gather 68 paintings and 24 drawings done between 1859, when he was 20, and 1872.

There was a time when every schoolboy was told that no famous artist ever started out with less natural talent than Cézanne; but that was a view inherited from the 19th century, when the academics held sway and the letter of art was considered more important than the spirit of the artist. The 20th century has changed all that, and one of the artists who most helped to bring about that change was Cézanne.

If we are seeking to make comparisons between the promise of our own children and that of the



Boldness matured: Cézanne's self-portrait of 1872

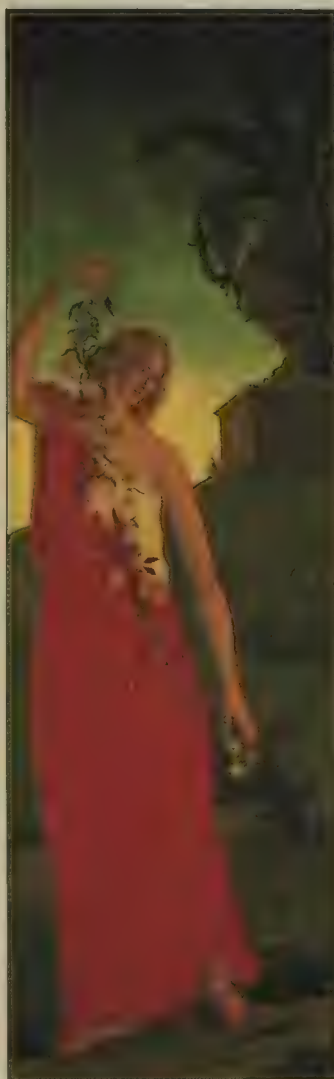
youthful Cézanne it is wise to remind ourselves of two things: his extraordinary ambition and the fact that his best friend from the age of 13 was a little, initially much bullied, boy called Emile Zola.

Zola, too, had a pronounced sense of his own destiny. "Opposites by nature," he later wrote of his schooldays with Cézanne, "we became united for ever, attracted to each other by secret affinities, the as yet vague torment of a common ambition, the awakening of a superior intelli-

gence in the midst of the brutal mob of dreadful dunces who beat us." In fact Cézanne, who was bigger and a year older than Zola, at first acted as his protector; a role that was later to be reversed when Zola, as an art critic, became the young painter's greatest champion. *Paul Alexis Reading at Zola's House* touches on this friendship, and shows another of their schoolmates as a young man in Zola's house in Paris.

Cézanne and Zola both failed their final exams at the first attempt, no doubt because they devoted all their free time to impassioned discussion about art and life on walks in the wooded countryside outside their delightful home town of Aix-en-Provence. Sometimes they would be up and off by 3 o'clock in the morning, books of poems in their gamebags, hunters' guns on their arms—used more for show than as weaponry. From such expeditions emerged a romantic commitment to achieve immortality in the arts, with Cézanne's impatience tempered by Zola's practicality. "I have already told you," wrote Zola in one of his letters of encouragement to Cézanne from Paris, where he was beginning to make his own way as a writer, "in the artist there are two men, the poet and the workman. One is born a poet, one becomes a workman. And you who have the spark, who possess what cannot be acquired, you complain when all you need to succeed is to exercise your fingers, to become a workman!"

What we see at the Academy is that process in action. Actually, the notion that Cézanne could not draw a likeness is dispelled in the exhibition by some life-class drawings from his art-school days, which are more than competent from an academic point of view. But Cézanne always hated academicism, which for him represented the enemy of artistic truth. What he wanted was to paint the world not as he was taught to see it, but as he saw it himself. And this inevitably made his early years as an artist extremely difficult to bear. By temperament he was both passionate and shy, a shyness which made his relations with women particularly frustrating; and he was a considerable disappointment to his father—a self-made banker who hoped his only son would consolidate his



Spring, c 1860-62, the earliest picture in the Academy's show

achievement rather than fritter it away. As a result Cézanne never had much money until his father died. He divided his early years warring with the academics in Paris and spinelessly accepting dependence on his parents at home.

Still, the ties of affection with his family were never broken. He adored his mother, got on well with his sisters and frequently painted his Uncle Dominique. Even his father seems to have been reasonably supportive in the circumstances, allowing his son to decorate the walls of the family's grand new country house; and, having accepted that young Paul was good only for art, sending him off to Paris to be, as he saw it, properly schooled in his trade.

Spring, one of four panels on the subject of *The Seasons* originally painted on the walls of the

drawing-room of the newly acquired house, is the earliest picture in the show. The wonky perspective of the urn, the disproportions of the figure already owe as much to poetic licence as poor workmanship. The impossible length of the trailing arm, for instance, adds to the undeniable grace of the figure; and the crimson of the dress could not be a bolder or more confident stroke.

A *Self-Portrait* of 10 years later reveals this boldness matured into virtuosity. Cézanne's private life is now an even bigger shambles—he is keeping the birth of his illegitimate son, Paul, secret from his family. But in the defiant, demonic glint of that gaze we know that he knows that from now on the poet and the workman in him are equal forces ●

CINEMA

GREED AND GUTS ON WALL ST

By George Perry

Gordon Gekko is a particular kind of modern monster, steeped in the ruthless ethic of the age of rapid money. "Greed is good" he preaches to the enthusiastic shareholders of a moribund company he is about to seize from under the seats of the bemused board. Gekko is a corporate raider, the sort of astute manipulator who can simultaneously conduct three crucial telephone conversations while barking orders at a roomful of aides. His palatial New York office has priceless paintings on the walls and behind his desk banks of computer screens with constant displays of little green numbers. For him it is a bad morning if he has netted less than \$10 million on paper. And as for lunch-breaks? "Lunch is for wimps!"

Michael Douglas basks in this role, the first full-blooded villain he has played in the cinema. Charlie

Insider dealing: Michael Douglas and Charlie Sheen in *Wall Street*

Sheen plays Bud Fox, a young, ambitious broker, inveigled into supplying Gekko with insider information in exchange for sharply-tailored Italian suits and a smart apartment, which is then decorated by the rich man's mistress, played by Daryl Hannah.

Oliver Stone, who has directed *Wall Street*, seems also to have enjoyed himself, looking on for the granite and glass canyons of Lower Manhattan as a territory every bit as treacherous as the Vietnamese jungle in *Platoon*, his last film. He succeeds, possibly for the first time in films, in making the world of high finance wildly entertaining, while offering some barbed observations on the corrupting influence of unbridled wealth.

Charlie Sheen's real-life father, Martin Sheen, plays his film equivalent, a stoic union leader and upholder of decent blue-collar values who reacts with distress at and contempt for his son's ingestion into the world of asset stripping and fiscal chicanery.

It is a cynical film, with a cutting edge. A title near the beginning, but nevertheless an afterthought, makes it clear that the action is three years ago, and that since last autumn's crash and the downfall of Ivan Boskey Wall Street will have cleaned up its act.

There is a piquant sequence when Nicholson calls on his ex-wife, played by Carroll Baker, after 22 years of non-communication. It is to be savoured; Baker in her passive, unobtrusive acceptance of the doorknob marriage, in one short scene to outlast Stripes in the role of the film.

Juzo Itami's delightful *Tampopo* is a love affair conducted entirely through Japanese fast food. Goro (Tsutomu Yamazaki) is a Tokyo lorry driver with a passionate appetite for noodles. Stopping one wet night at a run-down noodle bar, he is intrigued by the appealing young widow who runs it (Itami's wife, Nobuko Miyamoto). He takes her and the business in hand in order to transform her into the purveyor of perfect noodles. The agreeable action is punctuated by instructional discourses on the ritual of noodle preparation, often entailing the observation of rival establishments and their methods. The Japanese obsession with correctness is gently sent up in this enjoyable comedy.

Had it not been for the horror of the Enkikillen bombing two days earlier, *A Prayer for the Dying* would have opened the London Film Festival last November. Were it to have done so it would have been an error of judgment in more ways than one. For quite simply the film, which its director Mike Hodges has unsuccessfully attempted to disown after claims that the final cut did not represent him properly, is fundamentally bad.

Its source is a Jack Higgins novel in which an IRA gunman hides out in the East End, having become disillusioned with the movement's methods. The film places massive demands on the credibility of its cast, particularly Bob Hoskins, who is woefully off beam as a cockney priest, formerly a member of the SAS, who witnesses an IRA "execution" in the local cemetery and Mickey Rourke as the disaffected assassin who uses the vicarage as his hide-out from a hit squad. Alan Bates is an oily funeral director and crime boss, but even he is unable to do much with a part that is written like a caricature.

The dialogue is cliché-ridden and the borrowings from better films are all too apparent, with Hitchcock's *I Confess*, *The Long Good Friday* and Carol Reed's *Odd Man Out* leading the field. It is high time that British cinema rose to the challenge of the Irish problem and brought forth its statement. This, alas, is not it.

Under the careful eye of Alan Ayckbourn, fast becoming our foremost director (and please may he stick to this) Susan Sylvester takes Annabella from adolescent naivety through a tortured acknowledgement of her sins to womanhood and a miserable marriage. On discovery of his new wife's pregnant state, Soranzo should make one of the most impassioned speeches in the two-and-a-half-hour performance, but it is lost under the heavy hand of Michael Simpkins, whose lack of conviction makes him appear petulant rather than distraught with jealousy.

The Hippolita (Polly Adams) and Richardetto (Struan Rodger) sub-plot is tedious in structure and execution. The "good doctor" lurks with pantomime menace behind pillars and in doorways, a portent of things to

THEATRE

'TIS PITY HE'S A BORE

By Laura Cotton

The imposing Italianate revolving set, a blend of arches and stairways, balconies and cupolas, dominates the stage of the Olivier Theatre before the performance of *'Tis Pity She's a Whore* has begun. And though the action moves over, through and around it, never does it pale into insignificance even in the face of John Ford's wonderful verse.

Written around 1630, the play shows the death throes of a corrupt and ailing society, as the innocence of the siblings Annabella and Giovanni becomes tainted by the hypocrisy of the church, the decadence of the rising mercantile classes and the plotting

of the dastardly Spaniards. When Florio (Ron Pember) is trying to settle the fortunes of his children, Annabella as a wife, Giovanni as a scholar, they thwart his desires by giving vent to their own—for each other. With childlike ignorance of the implications of their actions they pet and bill and coo delightfully around the stage until they are discovered—by nature, in the form of pregnancy, and by the church, in the form of the dull friar Bonaventura. Edging the earlier star-crossed lovers, they realise the danger unleashed by the consumption of their love too late to save themselves.

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Sibling lovers, Rupert Graves and Susan

Sylvester in *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*

mal, for instance? Nevertheless the action is riveting; the lighting, revealing nooks and crannies, creating shadowy crypts and magnificent ballrooms, is a joy.

The foppish, decadent Bergetto is played to perfection by Russell Dixon who teeters with exquisite control on the right side of caricature. While Vasques (Clive Francis), Soranzo's trusty, double-dealing servant, grows from an insignificant sidekick to the centre of the action, expanding slowly and surely into full bloom.

Only Rupert Graves, as the ardent Giovanni, is truly disappointing. Though often showing every indication of being a great talent, he is too young to master the magnificent rhetorical verses—even allowing for Ayckbourn's quirky, but very modern interpretation of Giovanni as a callow youth. And when the final blood-letting comes it is shocking not for its passion but for its pique and apparent gratuitousness.

One who does not have youth as his shield is Timothy Dalton, who bellows and bawls his way through *A Touch of the Poet* showing every effort of being an Actor. Somewhere in the long day's journey to the Comedy Theatre from the intimacy and bare stage of the Young Vic, where his performance was excellent, he appears to have been given a *Beginner's Guide to Oratory*—and to have read it. The tragedy of Cornelius Melody, the self-deluded Irish-American immigrant in this Eugene O'Neill

Reviews

MARLOWE MEETS WITH MELODRAMA

By J.C. Trewin

The connoisseur of Christopher Marlowe's verse is not particularly rewarded by *The Jew of Malta*, now at the Barbican. Some speeches apart, there is too little verbal splendour in this synthesis of the farcical-

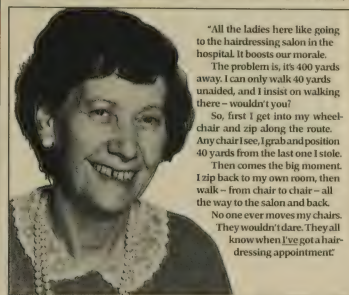
Strong performer: Phil Daniels as Ithamore in *The Jew of Malta*

melodramatic, written possibly when Marlowe was 26.

As Barry Kyle's elaborate Royal Shakespeare production shows, it is not so much a tragedy as a sensational satirical comedy of desperate zest and mounting intrigue. We have much theatrical apparatus, those final flames, the poisoned broth, "sleepy drinks" and so on; but hardly "infinite riches in a little room." What we get is a chance for an actor to use his heartiest extrovert relish and it is here that Alun Armstrong enjoys himself in a production that began its life last year on the promontory-stage of the Swan at Stratford and is now spread out across the broad acres of the Barbican.

In its unsparring comic diabolism, Armstrong's is an exceedingly enjoyable performance. From the moment when we meet Barabas the Jew in his counting-house with heaps of gold, exclaiming "What a trouble 'tis to count this trash!" Armstrong holds the occasion together, aided in particular by John Carlisle, main-

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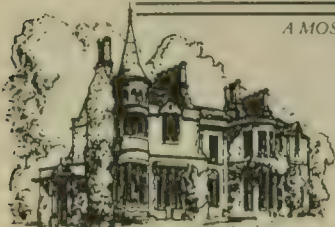
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taining his abused dignity as the Governor of Malta; by Phil Daniels as Ithamore, who launches into that sudden pictorial speech ("I'll be thy Jason, thou my golden fleece"); and, by Janet Amsbury as the Jew's luckless daughter Abigail.

The play is set, more or less in modern dress, against a lurid sky and pillars of packing-cases. Mr Kyle urges it along with a good deal of ready invention, including a quite preposterous sword-duel between two young men which leaves both of them dead ●

previous night, I might have feared for the director's sanity. As it was, it all made perfect sense.

If there is an eccentric presence lurking behind the company's work, it is probably that of the celebrated French mime, Jacques Lecoq. Théâtre de Complicité was formed in 1983 from a group of his former pupils, and although the line-up of performers for each show has changed, the style remains essentially the same.

Simon McBurney, who has performed in all the company's work to date feels that its methods are an extension of Lecoq's lessons in Paris. The emphasis is on the student's physical and spatial awareness, rather than on intellectual concepts of what theatre should be. Lecoq says you can have an idea "*grande comme une maison*" but it is no good to the audience if the actor cannot make it live by using his body; he breaks down the divisions between writer, director and actor. McBurney is well aware of a resistance in Britain to this cross-fertilisation between the layers of theatre hier-

BACKSTAGE

FRENCH LESSONS IN OFFICE POLITICS

By Julia Brown

In their latest show, *Anything for a Quiet Life*, Théâtre de Complicité have peeled off the skin from an office world of committee meetings and shrieking telephones, to prod at the raw flesh beneath. Imagine Jerry Lewis let loose on Kafka. The effect is both hilarious and sinister.

In an Oxford community theatre overflowing with an audience reared on punk music and "alternative" comedy, the mixture went down smoothly. But according to Simon McBurney, the director, it had proved indigestible for Swindon's more senior citizens, who simply walked out of the town's Wyvern Theatre.

The play, in London at the Half Moon Theatre until May 14, is a kind of manic relay race. Seven characters literally thrash, wriggle and squirm around in their tortured efforts to pass the buck for the unspecified "problem" in their unnamed "department".

The company is still refining the piece, which they devised over three months ago. In rehearsals the performers map out their bizarre movements in precise detail. Every theatre company develops its own language for use in rehearsals. Théâtre de Complicité's must be unique. "This reaction has to be smaller than the toilets." "No, that's *too* small, you're going down to tea and biscuits." Had I not seen the show the



Théâtre de Complicité: eccentric cocktail with a French twist

archy, and it is noticeable that the company's rehearsals, for all their discipline, do not suffer from chronic stiff upper lip. The performers make suggestions, give each other advice and never censor their imaginations. This method may lead to ego-clashes but it bears fruit in the form of a show that is constantly alive.

At a time when legitimate British theatre is often timid and boring, this kind of work must be acknowledged as a vital breeding ground for the medium's future. Théâtre de Complicité are lucky. They have attracted generous sponsorship from Beck's Bier and the penny has even dropped with BBC2, for whom they have recently completed a film based on a guided tour of the M25 ●

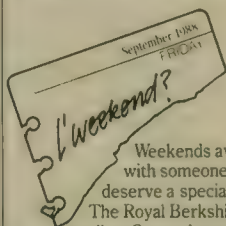
See Fringe listings for details, p92

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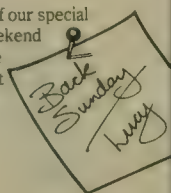
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THEATRE

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Back with a Vengeance! Barry Humphries's extraordinary characterisations with the best and worst in Australian taste. Strand, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2660, cc). REVIEWED JAN, 1988.

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof. Tennessee Williams's classic about a warring Mississippi family, with strong performances from Ian Charleson, Eric Porter & Lindsay Duncan. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED APR, 1988.

The Common Pursuit. Simon Gray directs his own re-written play, originally seen at the Lyric Hammersmith, which centres on a group of Cambridge undergraduates. New-wave comedy performers Rik Mayall, John Sessions & Stephen Fry head the cast. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc).

Cymbeline. Bill Alexander's powerful staging of Shakespeare's romance. David Bradley is Cymbeline & Harriet Walter his daughter Imogen. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

Easy Virtue. Tim Luscombe directs Jane How, Ronnie Stevens & Zena Walker in Noël Coward's comedy. Garrick Theatre, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (379 6107 cc).

Fashion. Political dilemmas & personal choices in Doug Lucie's comic drama set in the PR agency handling the Conservative Party's election account. The Pit, Barbican.

The Foreigner. Nicholas Lyndhurst as a sci-fi editor works out an involved "No English" gag in Larry Shue's comedy. Alberly, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3878, cc 379 6565).

Not to be missed . . . early Cézanne at the Royal Academy

Stay clear of . . . the disowned film about the IRA, *A Prayer for the Dying*

Hapgood. New play from Tom Stoppard mixing spies & physics. Felicity Kendal, Nigel Hawthorne & the excellent Roger Rees star. Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc).

The Jew of Malta. Christopher Marlowe's black farce about power & revenge. Alun Armstrong plays Barabas. Barbican. REVIEW ON P89.

Journey's End. R. C. Sherriff's First World War play directed by Justin Greene & starring Jason Connery, Nicky Henson & Andrew Castell. Whitehall, SW1 (930 7765, cc 839 4455).

Lettice & Lovage. Maggie Smith & Margaret Tyzack lead the cast in Peter Shaffer's original comedy about the relationship between two formidable women. Globe, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3667, cc 741 9999).

The Merchant of Venice. With Antony Sher's controversial Shylock. Barbican.

Nana. Racy adaptation of Zola's novel, with Belinda Davison electrifying in the title role. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

A Place with the Pigs. South African Athol Fugard's comedy drama inspired by the story of a Red Army deserter who hid in a pigsty for 41 years. With Jim Broadbent. Cottesloe, National Theatre.

Shirley Valentine. Pauline Collins stars as a middle-aged Liverpool housewife on the verge of self-discovery in Willy Russell's comedy, directed by Simon Callow. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc).

South Pacific. Lively West End revival for one of Rodgers & Hammerstein's best musicals. With Gemma Craven,

Emile Belcourt, who is excellent as Emile de Beque, & Bertice Reading. Prince of Wales, Coventry St, W1 (839 5987, cc 240 7200).

Temptation. Curious that a new Stoppard (*Hapgood*) should coincide with the RSC's production of Vaclav Havel, the Czech dramatist his work is most often compared with. John Shrapnel stars in this Faustian allegory. The Pit, Barbican.

'Tis Pity She's a Whore. Alan Ayckbourn directs Rupert Graves & Susan Sylvester as brother & sister Annabella & Giovanni in a revival of John Ford's torrid 17th-century melodrama. Olivier, National Theatre. REVIEW ON P88.

A Touch of the Poet. Eugene O'Neill's Irish-American drama, originally seen at the Young Vic, with Timothy Dalton & Vanessa Redgrave as old-world refugees Con Melody & his wife. Slightly uneven production but a classic, tender performance from Vanessa Redgrave. Comedy, Panton St, SW1 (930 2578, cc 839 1438). REVIEW ON P89.

Twelfth Night. Roger Allam is Sir Toby Belch, John Carlisle Malvolio in the RSC's innovative production first seen at Stratford. Barbican.

Waiting for Godot. Alec McCowen & John Alderton are outstanding in the NT's first production of Samuel Beckett's seminal play. Lyttelton, National Theatre.

You Never Can Tell. Accomplished & high-spirited revival of the Bernard Shaw comedy with Michael Hordern superb as the waiter, William. Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc). REVIEWED FEB, 1988.

FIRST NIGHTS

Cymbeline. The first of Shakespeare's three major late plays to be produced this month by Peter Hall (the last plays he will be directing at the National) using the same group of actors & production team, & put on as part of the South Bank's End Games festival. Tim Pigott-Smith, Sarah Miles & Peter Woodward are among the cast. Opens May 17. Cottesloe, National Theatre, South Bank SE1 (928 2252, AC).

Emerald City. Australian David Williamson's comedy about material success & domestic rivalry. Opens May 9. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

The Fifteen Streets. Catherine Cookson's romance set in the slums of South Shields, 1910. Stars Owen Teale & Christina Nagy. Opens May 20. Playhouse, Northumberland Ave, SW1 (839 4401).

One Way Pendulum. Jonathan Miller directs N. F. Simpson's surreal absurdist comedy, first produced at the Royal Court in 1959. Opens May 3. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). FEATURE ON P80.

The Revenger's Tragedy. Antony Sher stars as Vindice, Nicholas Farrell as Lussurioso, in Di Trevis's production of Cyril Tourneur's classic. Opens May 23. The Pit, Barbican, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

The Shaughraun. Dion Boucicault's 1870s melodrama, set in the west of Ireland. Howard Davies directs, Stephen Rea stars as the Shaughraun. Opens May 11. Olivier, National Theatre.

The Tempest. Directed by Peter Hall, with Michael Bryant, Jennifer Hall & Tony Haygarth. Opens May 19. Cottesloe, National Theatre.

The Winter's Tale. Directed by Peter Hall. See *Cymbeline*. Opens May 18. Cottesloe, National Theatre.

Ziegfeld. Harold Fielding presents a



Selection time for the Royal Academy summer exhibition, 1876, by Charles West Cope



Central Asian silks are laid out at the Crafts Council

musical extravaganza based around the life & work of the American theatrical impresario Florenz Ziegfeld. Co-written by Ned Sherrin & Alistair Beaton, it stars Tony award winner Len Carriou in the title role. Opens April 26. London Palladium, Argyll St, W1 (437 7373, cc 437 2055).

STAYERS

... And Then There Were None, Duke of York's (836 5122); *Beyond Reasonable Doubt*, Queens (734 1166); *Cats*, New London (405 0072); *Chess*, Prince Edward (734 8951); *Follies*, Shaftesbury (379 5399); *42nd Street*, Drury Lane (836 8108); *Kiss Me Kate*, Savoy (836 8888); *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, Ambassador's (836 6111); *Me & My Girl*, Adelphi (836 7611); *Les Misérables*, Palace (434 0909); *The Mousetrap*, St Martin's (836 1443); *The Phantom of the Opera*, Her Majesty's (839 2244); *Serious Money*, Wyndham's (836 3028); *Starlight Express*, Apollo Victoria (828 8665).

FRINGE

Anything for a Quiet Life. New visual theatre production from Théâtre de Complicité, chronicling the fearsome & eccentric. Until May 14. Half Moon Theatre, 213 Mile End Rd, E1 (790 4000, cc). SEE BACKSTAGE P89.

Bloody Poetry. Max Stafford-Clark directs Howard Brenton's Gothic tale of the tempestuous relationship between Shelley, Byron, Mary Shelley & Byron's mistress Claire Clairmont. Until May 14. Royal Court, Sloane Sq, SW1 (730 1745, cc).

Danger: Memory! (I Can't Remember Anything & Clara). Two Arthur Miller plays not seen before in this country. John Bennett, Sarah Keller & Paul Rogers are among the cast. Jack Gold directs. Until May 7. Hampstead Theatre, Swiss Cottage Centre, NW3 (722 9301).

A Family Affair. New adaptation by Nick Dear of Ostrovsky's social satire. Declan Donnellan directs the excellent Cheek by Jowl company. Until May 21. Donmar Warehouse, Earlham St, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

Faust I & II. A double-evening pres-

entation of Goethe's two-part work based on a medieval legend of a man in league with the Devil, here receiving its first major post-war production. It promises much—directed by David Freeman from Opera Factory, with music by Nigel Osborne (who composed the Glyndebourne success *The Electrification of the Soviet Union*) & with Simon Callow as Faust. Lyric, King St, W6 (741 2311, cc).

Dr Faustus. Marlowe's classic, given a lively rendition by director Anthony Clark. Until May 21. Young Vic, The Cut, SE1 (928 6363, cc 379 4444).

Quartet/Exiles. Double-bill of German plays from the NXT Theatre Company. The first is an adaptation by Heiner Müller of Laci's novel, *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. *Exiles* focuses on the poet Carl Stumm, deprived of his citizenship & forced to live in exile in Paris. The Young Vic.

Stars in the Morning Sky. First London visit for the Maly Theatre Company from Leningrad. *Stars* is set around Moscow in 1980, as the authorities started to clear out undesirables of the city in preparation for the Olympic Games. Written by Alexander Galin, directed by Leo Dodin. May 18-28. Riverside Studios, Crisp Rd, W6 (748 3354, cc 379 4444).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

Batteries Not Included (PG). Spielberg protégé Matthew Robbins here reproduces the sentiment but not the style of his mentor. A syrupy tale of a group of tenants' fight to save their building from developers & the extra-terrestrial help they receive.

Broadcast News (15). James L. Brooks's first feature since *Terms of Endearment* is a brilliant, sparky comedy set in the world of television news. Producer Holly Hunter & reporter Albert Brooks are fighting a lone battle against the erosion of old-style news values. REVIEWED APR, 1988.

Empire of the Sun (15). Steven Spiel-

berg's epic rendering of J.G. Ballard's novel, which takes a boy's-eye view of life in a Japanese internment camp. Christian Bale as the boy gives a performance assured beyond his years, with strong support from John Malkovich, Nigel Havers & Miranda Richardson. REVIEWED APR, 1988.

Ironweed. Jack Nicholson & Meryl Streep in some hobo hocus. Directed by Hector Babenco. Opens May 20. Odeon Haymarket, W1 (839 7697, cc). REVIEW ON P88.

The Last Emperor (15). Bernardo Bertolucci has taken the story of Puyi, the last emperor of China who ascended the throne at three as a god & died in Peking in 1967 a gardener, & created a film of astonishing beauty, fascination & originality. Memorable performances from John Lone as the adult emperor & Peter O'Toole as his Scottish tutor. REVIEWED MAR, 1988.

Moonstruck (15). Variation on the odd-couple scenario, with Cher & the excellent Nicholas Cage getting involved against all the odds. Fast-moving romantic comedy.

A Prayer for the Dying (15). Mike Hodges-directed film of Jack Higgins's story about a fugitive Irish terrorist seeking atonement & a passport in present-day London. It has been partially disowned by star Mickey Rourke (who turns in one of his best performances as the terrorist) because of the finished product's soft approach to the politics of the Northern Ireland situation. Opens May 13. Leicester Square Theatre, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 5252/7615, cc 839 1759). REVIEW ON P88.

Prince of Darkness (18). Cheap & cheerful horror movie from John Carpenter, king of the splatter genre. Some genuinely terrifying moments as the worried priest (Donald Pleasence) enlists the help of scientists to stop the return of Old Nick. Opens May 13. Prince Charles, Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 8181).

Rouge Baiser (15). Vera Belmont's semi-autobiographical account of life in 50s Paris, centring on 15-year-old Nadia (Charlotte Valandray) who is exposed to a heady Gallic cocktail of love, communism & jazz. The film's narrative weaves, at times unsteadily, in & out of politics & adolescent frivolity, but ends a charming & fasci-

nating study of both a precious time & a precious time of life.

Tampopo (18). Farical Japanese film, directed by Juzo Itami, about the sensuality of food. Opens May 6. Metro, Rupert St, W1 (437 0757). Screen on the Hill, 203 Haverstock Hill, NW3 (435 3366, cc). REVIEW ON P88.

Three Men and a Baby (PG). High-grossing US remake of the French film *Trois Hommes et un Couffin*, directed by Leonard Nimoy, which sees bachelor boys Tom Selleck, Steve Guttenberg & Ted Danson left holding the baby.

Throw Momma from the Train (PG). Danny DeVito's first film as director/star is another remake—this time Hitchcock's classic suspense thriller *Strangers on a Train* played as a black comedy. Also starring Billy Crystal.

Wall Street (15). Director Oliver Stone trades Far East jungles for financial ones in this plausible thriller set among the money-men of New York. Starring Charlie Sheen & Michael Douglas. Opens Apr 29. Odeon, Leicester Square, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929). REVIEW ON P87.

The Whales of August (U). Lindsay Anderson has crafted a delightful tale of two elderly sisters & their loyalties & frustrations. Set on the Maine island where they have summered since childhood, it features Vincent Price as a dapper emigré & Ann Sothorn as their life-long friend, but inevitably their characters take second place to the pairing of Lillian Gish & Bette Davis as the sisters. Their demanding relationship offers huge scope for Davis to be cantankerous, & Lillian Gish, seemingly as old as film itself, is superb as the patient Sarah. Opens mid May. Curzon, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (439 4805, cc).

EXHIBITIONS

OPENING

BARBICAN
EC2 (638 4141).

Twentieth Century French Photography. Survey of the development of photography in France, including work by Lartigue, Atget & Cartier-Bresson. May 12-July 17. Mon-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm. £3, concessions £1.50.



Westminster Abbey by Caleb Robert Stanley and Temple Bar by George Sidney Shepherd, at Burlington

Whitney Houston rocks Wembley

BURLINGTON PAINTINGS

10 & 12 Burlington Gdns, W1 (734 9984).

London & The Thames. Oils & watercolours dating from the mid-18th century. May 11-27. Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-5pm.

CRAFTS COUNCIL

12 Waterloo pl, SW1 (930 4811).

Ikats: Woven Silks From Central Asia. Outstanding collection of richly-coloured textiles—tent & wall hangings, chapans & other garments—from what is now Soviet Central Asia. Until June 26. Tues-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2-5pm.

LOUISE HALLETT GALLERY

27 Junction Mews, W2 (724 9865).

Ralph Freeman. Recent work in a variety of mediums—oil on canvas & slate, watercolours, charcoal drawing & sculpture. Until May 21. Tues-Sat 11am-7pm.

HAYWARD GALLERY

South Bank, SE1 (928 3144).

Angry Penguins: Paintings in Melbourne in the Forties. The Melbourne realist painters of the 1940s, named after the arts magazine *Angry Penguins*, started by Max Harris, which patronised them. May 19-Aug 21.

Impressionism & the Modern Vision: Master Paintings from the Phillips Collection. From Old Masters through Impressionism to more modern work from the private Phillips collection. Renoir, El Greco, Cézanne & Monet are among those represented.

May 19-Aug 21. Mon-Wed 10am-8pm, Thurs-Sat until 6pm. Sun noon-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody all day Mon & after 6pm Tues & Wed £1.50.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly W1 (439 7438).

Summer Exhibition. The Royal Academy's 220th annual open exhibition, where the work of new (& sometimes pseudonymous) artists is exhibited alongside that of established professionals. May 14-Aug 7. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.80, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.90.

WADDINGTON GALLERIES

2 & 34 Cork St, W1 (437 8611).

Nimmo Paladino. Fifteen very large works, including collages on wood, four large works on copper & two sculptures. Apr 27-May 21. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

STILL SHOWING

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Suleyman the Magnificent. The extraordinary treasures of this 16th-century Ottoman sultan—gems, porcelain & furs reflect his patronage of the luxury arts. Until May 29. Mon-Sat 10am-4.30pm, Sun 2.30pm-5.30pm. £1.50, concessions 50p.

ANTHONY D'OFFAY

9 & 23 Dering St, W1 (499 4100).

Brice Marden. Marden first made an impact in England with the minimal paintings included in "A New Spirit in Painting", & has since been seen at the Saatchi Collection. These newer paintings are in a different, lyrical & calligraphic style & mark a fresh creative departure for an important American artist. Until May 21. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM

Romney Rd, SE10 (858 4422).

Armada. Major exhibition to celebrate the 400th anniversary of the Armada, exploring the mythology surrounding the sinking of Philip II's fleet & using a vast range of contemporary artifacts, some salvaged from the Spanish ships sunk off the coast of Ireland. Until Sept 4. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £2.20, concessions £1.10.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

Robert Mapplethorpe. 70 portraits from the American photographer who helped to define the social climate of New York in the late 70s & early 80s. Remarkable, clean, high- & low-life studies. Until June 19. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. £2, concessions £1.

ROYAL ACADEMY

Piccadilly, W1 (439 7438).

Cézanne: The Early Years 1859-72. Early works collected together as an indication of Cézanne's early & consistent, genius. Until Aug 21. REVIEW ON P87.

Old Master Paintings from the Thyssen-Bornemisza Collection. Major Old Master exhibition. Including the only autographed painting of Henry VIII by Holbein. Until June 12.

Daily 10am-6pm. £3, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £2.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

David Bomberg. Retrospective of Bomberg's work from the early harsh pieces to his later, more representational, landscape work. Until May 8. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5.50pm. £3, concessions £2.

VICTORIA & ALBERT MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (938 8500).

The Graphic Language of Neville Brody. Highly influential graphic designer most closely associated with *The Face*. Until May 29. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Voluntary donation, suggested £2, concessions 50p. FEATURED APRIL, 1988.

WALPOLE GALLERY

38 Dover St, W1 (499 6626).

Treasures of Italian Art. Includes a newly-discovered painting by Giorgio Vasari—a design for one of the tapestries woven for the Medici villa at Poggio a Caiano. Also work by Canaletto, Dossi, Beccafumi & Bronzino. Until June 24. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

AFTER DARK

Please phone to confirm details.

Chuckie Club. Raw & risky alternative comedy, with consistently strong bills. Saturdays. Black Horse, 6 Rathbone Place, W1 (info: 476 1672).

Hippodrome. Glitzy funk venue for smart young things who can afford the drinks. Leicester Sq, WC2 (437 4311).

Jongleurs. Alternative cabaret at its most polished. Now features a Sunday night show with top improvisation artists Sweeney & Steen. Fri-Sun (best to book). Cornet, 49 Lavender Gdns, SW11 (info: 585 0955).

Limelight. Converted Presbyterian chapel is host to the trendiest dance-club in town: dress up or don't bother. The discs are soul & jazz. Thurs-Sat. 136 Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (434 1761).

The Original Kit Kat Club. Kit-Kats are handed out on the door to spiky-topped regulars at this rowdy gothic-punk club. Thursdays. The Store, 28a Leicester Sq, WC2 (info: 839 6665).

The Palace. Laser lighting & a great sound-system make this one of the best discos in London. Beware "Dress to Excess" night on Thursdays. 1a Camden High St, NW1 (387 0428).

JAZZ

Irving Berlin à la carte. Ian Henry, Pete Morgan & Rosemary Squires play a spirited tribute to the great songwriter on his 100th birthday. May 11. Purcell Room, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Conrad Herwig-Julian Arguelles Quintet. American trombonist Herwig returns with ex-Loose Tubes frontman Arguelles for an evening of sparky contemporary jazz. May 5. Bass Clef, 85 Coronet St, N1 (729 2440).

The Jazz Detectives. Pete Thomas's lively troupe investigate modern bop. May 13. Battersea Arts Centre, Lavender Hill, SW11 (223 2223).

James Moody Quartet. Veteran flute & reeds virtuoso, always a professional despite picaresque reputation. Apr 25-May 14. Ronnie Scott's, 47 Frith St, W1 (439 0747).

Bobby Shew. Energetic American trumpeter, best known for his work with Woody Herman in the late 60s. May 18. Bass Clef.

ROCK

Erasure. Favourites of the South Bank Show ("proving that intelligent pop is not a *non-sequitur*"), the jerky electro duo celebrate the success of their *Circus* album. May 5-7. Hammersmith Odeon, W6 (784 4081).

Fleetwood Mac. Undoubtedly CD rock for the upwardly mobile, but a great live show nevertheless. With 20 years of hits to choose from, how could it be anything else? May 18-22. Wembley Arena, Middx (902 1234, cc 741 8989).

Nanci Griffith. Touted as the next Suzanne Vega (is that a compliment?), the previously acoustic Nanci returns with full band. May 7. Victoria Palace, Victoria St, SW1 (834 1317).

Whitney Houston. Silky smooth soul-pop crossover from the erstwhile pretender to Madonna's crown. May 8, 11, 12, 14, 16. Wembley Arena.

Icele Works. Swirling guitar from the Liverpool likely lads. May 16. Hammersmith Odeon.

Ray Parker Junior. Antiseptic American funkster entertains. May 1-2. Hammersmith Odeon.

AFTER THE MOTORWAY, ANOTHER LONG STRETCH.



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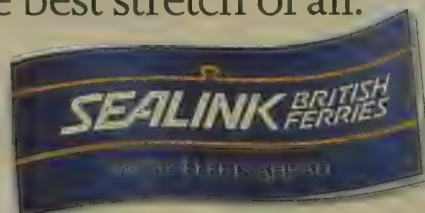
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Glyndebourne's *Kát'a Kabanová*.



Joshua Bell, 21, soloist with the LSO at the Barbican



Michael Coleman in the Royal Ballet's *The Concert*

DANCE

In the Mix. Exciting new venture to encourage fresh dance ideas, where choreographers, dancers, video makers & musicians can meet to discuss & show their work. There is an "open invite" policy, so if you would like to join in, the number to ring is 981 6617. May 13. Chisenhale Dance Space, 64 Chisenhale Rd, E3 (981 6617).

London Festival Ballet. Repertory includes Christopher Bruce's *Cruel Garden*, based on the life of Lorea; Paul Taylor's *Aureole* & Maurice Béjart's *Song of a Wayfarer*. May 24-June 4. Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Royal Ballet. Two Balanchines are included in the **Triple Bill**: *Serenade*, his best-loved work set to music by Tchaikovsky, & *Bugaku*, inspired by the visit of the dancers of the Imperial Japanese Household to America in 1959; & *The Concert*, a short, witty ballet choreographed by Jerome Robbins. May 5, 7, 23, 25. **Ondine:** The long-awaited revival of Frederick Ashton's masterpiece, featuring Lila de Nobili's opulent scenery & costumes. Gelsey Kirkland & Anthony Dowell dance the roles created for Margot Fonteyn & Michael Somes. May 10 (gala), 13, 18, 19, 20, 24, 26, 27, 28. **Swan Lake:** Dowell's lavish interpretation. May 2. Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

CLASSICS

BARBICAN HALL

EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc)

London Symphony Orchestra continue their international violin series. Joshua Bell plays Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, under Yuri Ahronovitch, May 1, 7.30pm, Salvatore Accardo plays Brahms's Violin Concerto, under Yuri Ahronovitch, May 5, 7.45pm; Vadim Repin plays Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto under Valery Gergiev, May 13, 7.45pm; Myung Whun Chung conducts Beethoven's Concerto for Violin, Piano & Cello, from the piano keyboard, with Kyung Wha Chung, violin, & Myung Wha Chung, cello, May 19, 7.45pm; Anne Sophie Mutter plays Sibelius's Violin Concerto, under

Myung Whun Chung, May 22, 7.30pm.

English Chamber Orchestra. Jeffrey Tate conducts Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 4, with André Watts, & Schumann's Symphony No 4. May 10, 7.45pm.

Moscow Philharmonic Orchestra under Pavel Kogan play Beethoven's Piano Concerto No 5, with Derek Han, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 5. May 27, 7.45pm.

Images de France: marking 300 years of French culture. May 12-July 17.

Nouvel Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, conducted by Marek Janowski, play Berlioz & Saint-Saëns. May 12, 7.45pm.

Franz Liszt Chamber Orchestra, with Marielle Nordmann, harp, Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, play Mozart & Bartók. May 23, 7.45pm.

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Sofia Philharmonic Orchestra. Emil Tabakov conducts Dvořák, Rimsky-Korsakov & Bruch's Violin Concerto No 1, with Stoika Milanova. May 1, 4pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra give three concerts under Yuri Temirkanov. Brahms's Violin Concerto, with Nigel Kennedy, & Dvořák's Symphony No 9, May 8; Brahms's Piano Concerto No 1, with Peter Donohoe, & Dvořák's Symphony No 8, May 12, 7.30pm; Brahms's Piano Concerto No 2, with John Lill, & Dvořák's Symphony No 7, May 15, 3.15pm.

Bach Choir under David Willcocks, with the Philharmonia Orchestra, perform Elgar's oratorio *The Kingdom*. May 9, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Bernard Haitink conducts two concerts. Britten's *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*, & *Serenade for tenor horn & strings*, & Strauss's *Alpine Symphony*, May 24; Mozart's Piano Concerto in E flat, with Emanuel Ax, & Shostakovich's Symphony No 8, May 27; 7.30pm.

QUEEN ELIZABETH HALL

South Bank Centre.

English Baroque Soloists, under John Eliot Gardiner, play works by Haydn & Mozart on period instruments, with Malcolm Bilson, piano. May 5, 7.45pm.

London Sinfonietta: Response. Two weekends of performances, talks, films & dance workshops, spotlighting the music of Xenakis, Lutoslawski, Holiger, Takemitsu & including world premières of Sinfonietta commissions. May 6-8, 20-22.

Borodin Quartet. Three Beethoven recitals, including the Razumovsky Quartets. May 15, 26, 29, 7.45pm.

Academy of St Martin-in-the-Fields. Iona Brown directs late works by Tchaikovsky, Schubert, Strauss & Mozart's Symphonies Nos 39, 40 & 41. May 23, 25 & 28, 7.45pm.

THEATRE ROYAL

Drury Lane, WC2. Tickets: AMF, 22 Atherton St, SW11.

Bicentennial Celebration on behalf of the Australian Musical Foundation in London. Dame Joan Sutherland sings excerpts from *Norma* & *Lucia di Lammermoor*; Dame Edna Everage narrates *Peter & the Wolf*; the Orchestra of the Royal Opera House play works by Williamson, Dreyfus, Grainger, Mozart. May 15.

OPERA

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

The Makropulos Case. Josephine Barstow sings the 337-year-old Emilia Marty. May 4, 7.

The Magic Flute. Nicholas Hytner's new production, conducted by Ivan Fischer/James Holmes, with John Rawnsley as Papageno, Helen Field as Pamina, Thomas Randle as Tamino. May 5, 9, 12, 18, 20, 24, 28.

Così fan tutte. Felicity Lott & Della Jones sing the two sisters. Graeme Jenkins conducts from the harpsichord. May 6, 11, 14, 19, 26.

Xerxes. Nicholas Hytner's award-winning production, which sets the work in the Vauxhall pleasure gardens, returns with Ann Murray in the title role & Valerie Masterson as Romilda. Charles Mackerras conducts. May 10, 13, 21, 25.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL

OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 541111).

Die Entführung aus dem Serail. American soprano Gianna Rolandi

sings Constanze in a revival of Peter Wood's production, with David Rendall as Belmonte, Lillian Watson as Blonde, Petros Evangelides as Pedrillo. Lothar Zagrosek conducts. May 16, 18, 20, 22, 26, 28.

Kát'a Kabanová. New production marking the British début of the German team of director Nikolaus Lehnhoff & designer Tobias Hoheisel. Nancy Gustafson sings Kát'a, with Barry McCauley as Boris, Ryland Davies as Tichon, Felicity Palmer as the Kabanicha. Andrew Davis conducts. May 19, 21, 25, 27, 29, 31.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

The Knot Garden. New production by Nicholas Hytner, designed by Bob Crowley & conducted by Sian Edwards, the first woman to conduct at the Royal Opera House. Cast includes Anne Howells, Eilene Hannan & Alan Opie. May 3, 6, 11, 14, 16.

Peter Grimes. Jon Vickers returns to sing one of his greatest roles as Grimes, in Elijah Moshinsky's highly acclaimed production. May 17, 21.

TRAVELLING OPERA

Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

The Barber of Seville & The Marriage of Figaro, both sung in English adaptations by Peter Knapp, artistic director of this innovative company. The Rossini is set in a hotel in Seville on the eve of the Spanish Civil War, the Mozart is in an English country house in the late 1930s. May 10-21.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL OPERA FESTIVAL

Six weeks filled with performances, films, recitals, talks, opera days, free open-air events & an education programme. **Aida**, with no elephants, will be given by Pocket Opera of Nürnberg, **Parisina** by Opera Italiana, **Falstaff** by City of Birmingham Touring Opera, **Carmen** & **Seraglio** by Opera 80. A range of 20th-century works includes two operas by Viktor Ullman, written in 1943 in a German concentration camp; a Goehr triptych & works by Oliver Knussen, Stephen Oliver, Alison Bauld, Dominick Argento, Luciano Berio & many others. Different venues. May 2-June 11. Details: 84 Prince of Wales Mansions, Prince of Wales Drive, SW11 (720 7610).



Carnations on the Chelsea beat



And the tea-time beat at the Waldorf amid the palms



Coventry's champions in the 1987 FA Cup Final

LIST OF THE MONTH

TEA UP!

Afternoon tea is one of those quintessentially English rituals that time seems to have forgotten. Thankfully, at some London venues brewing up is still an event. Here is a personal choice in alphabetical order:

1 Bendicks, 195 Sloane St, SW1 (235 4749). A bit on the twee side, with its cane chairs, flower prints & cinnamon toast, but tranquil nonetheless. Afternoon cream tea £5.75.

2 Brown's, 30-34 Albemarle St, W1 (493 6020). The panelled rooms, open fire & big sofas bestow the ambience of a colonial club. Afternoon tea £8.25.

3 Fortnum & Mason, 181 Piccadilly, W1 (734 8040). The St James Restaurant on the fourth floor is a cool rendezvous-point, with the best éclairs in the world. Afternoon tea £5.50.

4 Hampstead Tea Rooms, 9 South End Rd, NW3 (435 9563). After a brisk walk over the Heath, a perfect place for a cuppa. Mouthwatering window-display of cakes. Cup of tea for one: 70p. Cakes from £3.

5 Harrods, Knightsbridge, SW1 (730 1234). Tea at the Georgian Restaurant can be a bit of a bun fight—in every sense. You queue, you are let in at 4pm & for half an hour you can help yourself to as many delicacies from the pastry-table as you can eat. £6.50.

6 Muffins, 78 Northcote Rd, SW11 (350 2385). A bit like walking into someone's front room, with dim lighting & a grandfather clock soporifically ticking away the minutes. Miss Marple would not look out of place. Pot of tea for one £1.20. Muffins £1.40.

7 Newens, 288 Kew Rd, Richmond, Surrey (940 2752). Famous for its Maids of Honour—no, not a fancy name for waitresses, but cakes. Pot of tea for one 84p. Maids 48p.

8 Patisserie Valerie, 44 Old Compton St, W1 (437 3466). Bustling, cramped & very atmospheric tearoom among the sex shops of Soho. Pot of tea for one 65p.

9 Ritz, Piccadilly, W1 (493 8181). Perhaps the most famous tea venue in the world. It is good, but not worth the cost. Afternoon tea £9.25; tea dance (Sun) £16. Booking essential.

10 Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, WC2 (836 2400). The palms & pastel décor give the lounge the feel of a 20s luxury liner. Afternoon tea (Mon-Thur) £8.25; tea dance (Fri-Sun) £12.50.

OTHER EVENTS

Chelsea Flower Show. The Royal Horticultural Society's annual floral festival in the grounds of the Royal Hospital. May 24-27. Royal Hospital Rd, SW3 (information on 834 4333, bookings on 0272 217107). Tues &

Wed members only £8, Thur & Fri members £5, others £14. Wed-Thur 8am-8pm, Fri 8am-5pm.

FA Cup Final, May 14, 3pm. Wembley Stadium, Middx (902 1234).

The Great Moscow State Circus starts its three-month British tour in Battersea Park, May 1-15, with over 100 performers. Tickets £6.50, £8.50, £12.50 & £16.50, concessions £2 off (240 7200).

Lord Mayor of London's Jacobean Pageant. Re-creation of the riverborne pageants of 300 years ago. Normal river traffic is being suspended when the Thames carries the Lord Mayor in his gold state barge & many theme boats while a Jacobean fair takes place on the South Bank. The procession travels from London to Waterloo Bridges & ends at the Festival Pier, Westminster. May 2, start 2pm.

Time Out Live. Lifestyles exhibition taking in everything from cinema to clothes. May 27-30. Olympia 2, Hammersmith Rd, W14 (385 1234).

BOOKS: THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK NON FICTION

1 (2) **Stalker** by John Stalker. Harrap, £12.95. The honest cop tells all.

2 (3) **Making it Happen** by John Harvey-Jones. Collins, £12.95.

3 (1) **Under the Eye of the Clock** by Christopher Nolan. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £8.95.

4 (—) **Le Manoir aux Quat' Saisons** by Raymond Blanc. Macdonald Orbis, £17.50.

5 (4) **Oscar Wilde** by Richard Ellman. Hamish Hamilton, £11.95.

6 (—) **And a Voice to Sing With** by Joan Baez. Century, £12.95. Quite a good autobiography.

7 (10) **Chuck Berry: the Autobiography**. Faber & Faber, £9.95. For once, a musical autobiography that has the ring of truth.

8 (5) **Elizabeth Takes Off** by Elizabeth Taylor. Macmillan, £12.95. How to lose pounds and win fans.

9 (—) **William Walton: Behind the Façade** by Susana Walton. Oxford University Press, £12.95.

10 (—) **Past Forgetting** by Peter Cushing. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £9.95. All the fun of horror films!

PAPERBACK NON FICTION

1 (—) **The Fatal Shore** by Robert Hughes. Pan Books, £4.99.

2 (4) **White Mischief** by James Fox. Penguin, £3.95. The truth about high life in wartime Kenya.

3 (2) **Hip and Thigh Diet** by Rosemary Conley. Arrow Books, £2.50.

4 (1) **Between the Woods and the Water** by Patrick Leigh Fermor. Penguin, £3.95. Sequel to *A Time of Gifts*.

5 (6) **Communion** by Whitley Strieber. Arrow Books, £3.50. Do you believe in ghosts? If so, you will like this New York State story.

6 (—) **The Last Emperor** by Edward Behr. Futura, £3.95.

7 (—) **Don't Ask the Price** by Marcus Sieff. Fontana, £3.95.

8 (—) **Bullion** by Andrew Hogg, Jim McDougall & Robin Morgan. Penguin, £3.50.

9 (—) **Myra Hindley: Inside the Mind of a Murderess** by Jean Ritchie. Angus & Robertson, £3.50.

10 (9) **A Walk with a White Bushman** by Laurens Van Der Post. Penguin, £4.95. Conversations with Jean-Marc Pottiez, a fellow-traveller.

HARDBACK FICTION

1 (1) **The Bonfire of the Vanities** by Tom Wolfe. Jonathan Cape, £11.95.

2 (—) **The Tommyknockers** by Stephen King. Hodder & Stoughton, £11.95. Another protracted King nightmare.

3 (—) **The Weeping and the Laughter** by Noel Barber. Hodder & Stoughton, £11.95. How the Russian Revolution breaks up a princely family.

4 (—) **The Swimming Pool Library** by Alan Hollinghurst. Chatto & Windus, £11.95. Not for the squeamish.

5 (—) **Sharpe's Rifles** by Bernard Cornwell. Collins, £10.95. Number 9 in Richard Sharpe's adventures in the Napoleonic Wars.

6 (2) **Leaving Home** by Garrison Keillor. Faber & Faber, £9.95. Pleasant follow-up to the Lake Wobegon saga.

7 (—) **Song of Songs** by Beverley Hughesdon. Century, £11.95.

8 (6) **A Man Rides Through** by Stephen Donaldson. Collins, £11.95. The continuing saga of the land of Mordant.

9 (9) **2061: Odyssey 3** by Arthur C. Clarke. Grafton Books, £10.95.

10 (4) **Deadlock** by Colin Forbes. Collins, £10.95. Russia versus the West.

PAPERBACK FICTION

1 (9) **Windmills of the Gods** by Sidney Sheldon. Fontana, £3.50.

2 (1) **Red Storm Rising** by Tom Clancy. Fontana, £3.95. An imaginative though somewhat crude piece of military futurology.

3 (6) **Fatal Inversion** by Barbara Vine. Penguin, £3.50. Ruth Rendell under a pseudonym.

4 (2) **The Eyes of the Dragon** by Stephen King. Futura, £3.50.

5 (—) **The Golden Girls** by Elvi Rhodes. Corgi, £3.95.

6 (3) **The Janus Man** by Colin Forbes. Pan Books, £2.95.

7 (—) **The Parson's Daughter** by Catherine Cookson. Corgi, £3.95.

8 (—) **The Ladies of Missaloughi** by Colleen McCullough. Arrow Books, £2.50. A readable novella.

9 (5) **Whirlwind** by James Clavell. Coronet, £4.95.

10 (—) **The Penguin Book of Modern British Short Stories** edited by Malcolm Bradbury. Penguin, £4.50.

Brackets show last month's position. Information from Book Trust. Comments by Martyn Goff.

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NO THANKS A MILLION

Lewis Chester finds wisdom in the African who won a lottery

The winning of much money can be an unlucky thing. There are many well-documented cases of pools winners going into deep depression. Money in these instances can bring dislocation, despair and too heavy a reliance on the demon drink.

But the British are learning. The last winner of a million on the pools (well, £991,656 to be precise) was John Clarke of Bristol. Not for Mr Clarke the headlong rush for a life of new friends, new places and no work. Within five days of collecting his winnings he was back at his job as a pipefitter, and his wife Brenda returned to night duty at a local tea factory.

Psychiatrists applaud this watchful approach to undreamed-of riches, but achieving it has been the result of many long, hard lessons. Meanwhile, what of other cultures that do not have the benefit of our experience in these situations? What, for example, of Africa?

Yes, in Africa it is now possible to win a million; though not, perhaps, a million pounds.

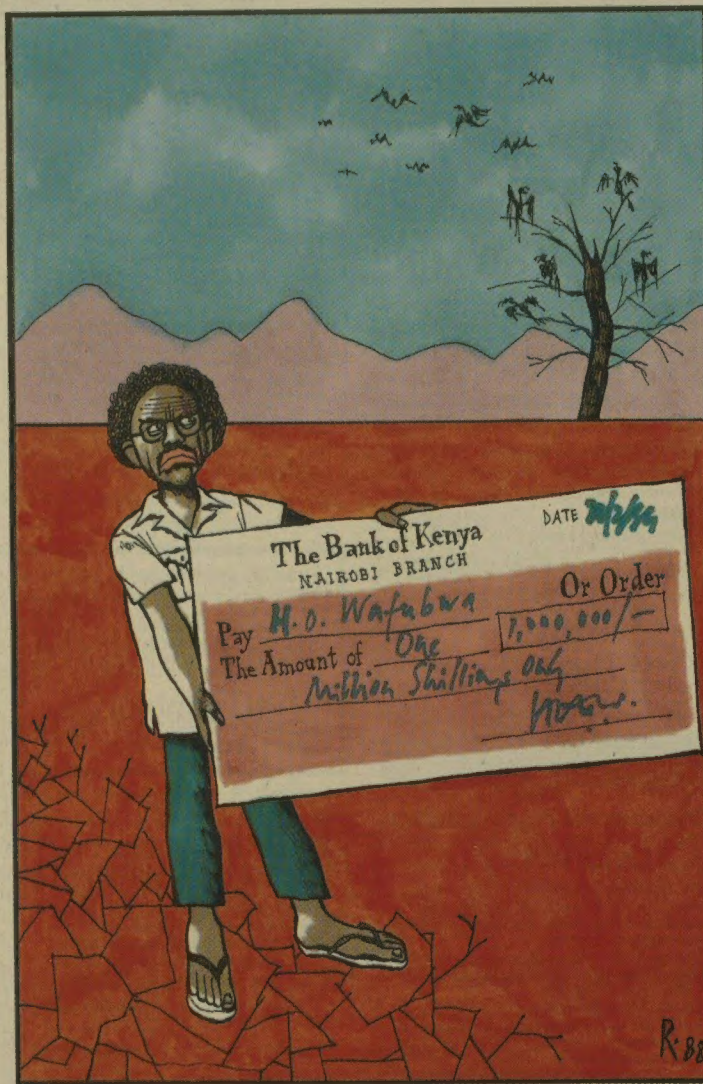
Henry Ombaka Wafubwa did it last August when his ticket—number D284034—won the All-African Games lottery. Newsmen rushed down to his Musanda Village home in the Kakamega district of Kenya to interview his wife, parents and a fair sample of his seven children. All were overjoyed to hear of “the mighty million” that had knocked at their door. The winning prize was actually a million Kenyan shillings—about £34,000—but still awesome, the highest lottery prize recorded anywhere in black Africa.

Wafubwa himself was photographed clutching his cheque in the newspapers, with a smile said to be capable of melting the North Pole.

The smile was less in evidence recently when the Kenyan *Daily Nation* sent its man to see how Wafubwa was coping with his new riches. They met outside the Land Office of Machakos town where Wafubwa works as a land demarcation officer, an eminently sensible thing to do in a country where land reform is permanently on the agenda.

His mood was subdued but amiable until they were sitting over a beer in a nearby hotel and the subject of the famous million was raised. Suddenly, Wafubwa was a man at his, ahem, wit's end.

“I have gone through hell and sleepless



nights trying to overcome the numerous disturbances from people who want to know so much, as if my money is theirs. They cannot give me time to think what to do.”

Wafubwa did not want to be rushed on so important a decision as how to dispose of a million, but people would not let him be. He said: “I realised that I was not getting anywhere even after banking the cheque. Many people started coming to me with all sorts of ideas on how to make use of the million. Others wanted some loans and other assistance.”

His million shillings had taught him that people are rarely happy when one of their acquaintance makes it to the top. “Let me tell you something. When I go to a bar to have a drink, some people start saying that it is the million in action. If there is a lady near me either in a bar or when I’m walking, they start speculating that women are eating my money. They do not realise that I am working and that I had been drinking beer long before the much discussed million shillings.”

Wafubwa gets particularly annoyed when people he bought drinks for in the old days now go around making a big thing of it, saying they’ve been drinking with a millionaire and reducing his million.

What saddens him is the fact that some of his old friends at home have started to make themselves scarce. Others, after moving with him for a while, have decided to keep to themselves. He thought this might be because they were previously above his class financially and now think he is different.

There were plenty of other people richer than him in property. But the fact that he had a cool million in the bank, earning good interest, makes them feel uneasy and develop some kind of jealousy. But the jealousy of the “haves” was slightly less worrying than the suspicions of the “have-nots”, particularly those who thought that a man would have to keep something as important as a million shillings in his own house.

Wafubwa has it in mind to do some home improvements and develop his plot at Kasarani, but that will still leave a lot of money in the bank. And he does appreciate it. “It is nice having good money, and I thank God for picking me among so many millions, but I regret the mental torture I have been going through due to bad people.”

Still, not everybody bothers him. Some people simply do not believe he is wealthy because he does not have a car. They cannot understand how a man with a million shillings can ever be seen walking on foot.

The thought cheered Wafubwa, but the only time he really laughed was when somebody reminded him of how long it had taken him to come forward and claim his winnings. Wafubwa had read and re-read his lottery ticket for days, as he had been unable to believe his luck.

Tough though the going is, Wafubwa should win through. On the basic issues he seems to be doing all the right things. Decades of knowledge about blighted pools winners in Britain have established the importance of keeping the job, maintaining the home, avoiding the flash and holding the money, at least until other people have had a chance to forget about it. Wafubwa has reached all these conclusions instinctively.

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